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Naphtali

Being Influences and Adventures
while earning a living by writing

by C. Lewis Hind

With Forty-four Illustrations

London
John Lane The Bodley Head Limited

First published in 1926

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TO

MY WIFE

AND TO

THE MEMORY OF MY PARENTS

EXPLANATION

WRITING one's Memoirs is not wholly a vain indulgence; into it intrudes history, wonder, pity, and amusement.

Oh, I recognised, without shadow of doubt, as I composed these chapters, that we are what we are, and that we hardly alter much between birth and death. As was the root, so is the tree. We change our horizons, not our hearts.

Man is naturally modest; at any rate, he thinks he is. Surely nobody would have the courage and the vanity to write his Memoirs unless—unless—somebody asked him to do it.

The somebody, in my case, was the perspicacious and comforting Editor of *The Sphere*. He asked me to write six essays on my memories of the 'Nineties; then he wanted six more; then another six; and soon I went back to the 'Eighties, and the 'Seventies, and (what an inescapable thing age is!) to the 'Sixties; then I jumped forward to the present century.

When the first essay was published in *The Sphere*,

the firm of John Lane, the Bodley Head, wrote to me suggesting that for old sake's sake, I should allow them to publish my Memoirs.

"Good Lord!" I said. "Have I written my Memoirs? How astonished my mother would have been."

Then my old friend, John Lane, now, alas! gone, took me to the Reform Club to luncheon (that's the way to ingratiate authors!). After luncheon, he scribbled the terms of our agreement upon an envelope.

> "And that's how it all began, my dears,
> And that's how it all began!"

As to the Title—NAPHTALI.

Perhaps the Book of Genesis is not read as carefully to-day as heretofore. So if anyone is curious about the meaning of "Naphtali," I refer him to Genesis xlix. 21. "Naphtali is a hind let loose: he giveth goodly words."

The sub-title, "Being Influences and Adventures while Earning a Living by Writing," explains itself.

C. L. H.

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Naphtali

NAPHTALI

CHAPTER I

EARLY INFLUENCES: GARIBALDI, DICKENS, AN OGRE, SOME UNCLES: AND A LONELY SCHOOLBOY

WHEN I look back, seeking the Influences and Adventures that urged me, as a youth, to escape from business, and to earn a living by writing I am reminded how easily I responded to the romantic, the picturesque, and the sentimental.

My first influences were derived from Garibaldi, Charles Dickens, an Ogre, and some Uncles. These made a queer and quick impression upon me, and directed my dreams.

But as in this opening chapter I have decided to write about the sad, romantic, imaginative child who was I so long ago, I may as well go back still farther and relate a pre-natal happening, given to me by an elder sister.

Spring blossoms affect me in a way that little else does. Were I a poet I should write in a dozen

measures of the miracle of apple, plum, and cherry blossom, of chestnut, lilac, and laburnum. When I was very ill, some years ago, my great desire was that I should live to see another spring. A world without spring is unthinkable.

Yes, I have always been very susceptible to spring blossoms. "Nothing new in that" remarks the paternal reader. True: but listen to this prenatal influence.

An elder sister, who recalls most things touching our mother, wrote down the following and sent it to me.

"I remember the dear Mother saying that on the morning of the day you were born, May 17th, 1862, Grandfather Lewis asked Father to go with him to Bushey Park to see the chestnuts. They left Mother sitting under the apple tree in blossom at the end of the garden. You were born in the evening."

Chestnut and apple blossoms in the minds of parents, and before their eyes on the day that I was born.

I pass to Garibaldi! An influence! Little he guessed it.

I remember peering through an upper window of the house, in north London, where we lived, and seeing Garibaldi and his companions swinging

GARIBALDI

From a photograph taken from G. M. Trevelyan's 'Garibaldi and the Making of Italy,' by permission of the author and of the publishers, Messrs. Longmans Green and Co.

down the middle of the road. Where they came from: whither they were going I knew not; but they wore red shirts, they were bearded, and they marched easily like conquerors. My mother (she was of Welsh descent, and had the imagination and vision of the Celt) told me that they stood for Freedom, and being a Unitarian and a Radical (my father took his religion from her, she her politics from him) Freedom, in her mind, was a lovely Vision, partly attainable. What it meant I did not grasp, what Garibaldi had done I did not understand, for a small child absorbs only what his little mind can assimilate; but the idea remained, the idea of Freedom expressed by red-shirted, bearded Garibaldi, and his companions, swinging down that road in north London on a morning of sunshine. It was 1867, when I was five.

The great outside world had flashed into the child's consciousness, and the gleam stayed. Red became for me the colour of freedom, of victory, and when years later I wrote *The Red Runner* that "Thing Seen" ended thus:

"He was always first—this wonderful runner who dressed himself in red. I never knew his name; I never saw him, save across the dim grass in the hour that was my own; but the vision clings. For me Red must always be the colour of perfection, the symbol of excellence. When I hear of splendid

gifts come to fruition, of men greatly excelling, I see again that Red Runner outpacing all others in the hour that was my own."

Charles Dickens!

He was another influence; but it was not the orthodox influence: it was the lesson of his fame, not his work, that affected me.

My mother had taken me for the first time to Westminster Abbey, and she had read to me some of the long, laborious descriptions inscribed on the monuments of Worthies; and I, being a child, was confused, and could not disassociate the virtues and distinctions of one Worthy from another; and I wondered why so many difficult words were needed to describe who they were, and what they had done.

Then we came to Poets' Corner, and there on the floor to the right was a grey marble slab with nothing on it but the words:

CHARLES DICKENS
BORN 7TH FEBRUARY 1812
DIED 9TH JUNE 1870

And I said, "They didn't have to tell who he was and what he had done." My mother kissed me and whispered, "You have learnt your lesson, my boy," and ever afterwards I seemed to know

MY MOTHER: ELLEN MARIA HIND (1857)
From a Miniature

MY FATHER: CHARLES HIND, J.P. (1890)

the difference between real fame and a fame that has to be explained. When I see references to "Mr. —— the well-known poet," or "Mrs. —— the well-known feminist," or "Lord —— the charming essayist," I think of that long past day when I first saw the Charles Dickens mute memorial in Westminster Abbey, and my mother said, "You have learnt your lesson, my boy."

The Ogre!

That Ogre was my first glimpse of the Unknown, the Menacing, the Macabre.

On the eve of my seventh year I was sent to a boarding school at Guildford, and I remember, on the first night, crying myself to sleep, waking very early the next morning, leaning upon my elbow, looking amazedly at the five strange sleeping heads in five little cots, and saying to myself, "I am at school. I shall never play again."

Then, sad at heart, I stole from bed, for I could not lie still, went to the window, and saw the Ogre at the end of the playground against the wall. I shivered, crept back to bed, and hid my head under the clothes.

That Ogre was a menace to me through all my schooldays at Guildford, and even to-day I have not forgotten, or quite overcome, the grotesque and fearful fancies it evoked in my childish mind. It

was a seated, Pan-like figure with great limbs, hands resting on its thighs, and a snarling, smiling face battered by weather and chipped by catapults. When I asked a boy what it was he replied mysteriously, "An Ogre! He walks about at midnight. He eats men, but he likes little boys better."

I never learnt how the Ogre came there, or why Miss Lamb, the Principal of this "Select School for Young Gentlemen," allowed it to remain. Probably it was there when she converted this old Guildford house into a school—a mere garden statue by a local craftsman. I was not the only little boy who was terrified by it. Yet perhaps it was well that the Ogre should have been there. It set my imagination working: it opened vistas—remote and awful—far beyond the daily, kindly gentilities of that "Select School for Young Gentlemen."

Half a century later, motoring to Winchester, I stopped at Guildford and sought my first school, with the Ogre. All gone—the double-railed steps leading to the front door, the great, cool hall—all gone, and in its place a flourishing shop.

Mysterious Wandering Uncles!

Besides those unforgettable influences—Garibaldi, Dickens, and the Ogre—that were to help to mould the romantic mind of the child that was I, there were my father's brothers, mysterious, wandering

uncles, who travelled, wrote, and painted, who appeared in our household, for an exciting day or two, and then disappeared just when I was beginning to know them, and to have the courage to slip into the room where I could hear one of them talking.

But he who has made the most stir in the world —John Russell Hind, the astronomer—was not an uncle: he was my father's first cousin. Him I never saw. I imagine that astronomers are not accessible. He was superintendent of the Nautical Almanac Office for many years, and in 1880 President of the Royal Astronomical Society. He discovered ten minor planets, three comets, besides variable stars and nebulæ: he published *The Solar System*, *Astronomical Vocabulary*, etc. But what most impressed my childish imagination was that he called his daughters after minor planets that he had discovered—Iris, Irene, and Flora.

Often when I had been tucked up in my bed I would visualise him, in his skull cap, peering through a telescope at the night sky—"Thinking the thoughts of God after Him." I heard that great statement first from my mother's lips. An astronomer in the family! Sometimes I would toss in my bed with excitement at the thought that, at that midnight instant, a new planet might be swimming into the Professor's sight.

So the wonders of astronomy, worlds upon worlds, whirling in flame and vapour, were added to my childish dreams.

Then my uncles, my father's brothers, baffling men, but delightful—lank and bearded—who, at great intervals, spent a night or two with us. They were wanderers : all had, as young men, sought their fortunes in America, or Canada. One, Uncle Henry, was a writer and Professor : Uncle James and Uncle Will were painters, in their leisure hours.

Uncle Tom found his vocation in the pulpit. He began as a Congregational Minister, but later he found a deeper peace, I suppose, with the Plymouth Brethren. In 1888 he went to Australia and we saw him no more, but as a boy I heard him preach a spiritual sermon, all about the loveliness of love, at a little chapel in Chard, Somerset, and the sight of his gentle, kindly face and the memory of his wistful words have never quite left me. It is such experiences as this, not the educational vortex, that influence the heart of a child.

Uncle Will—" the wild one "—a mighty wanderer and a natural painter, we never saw ; but I have a vivid impression of him because the family possesses his self-portrait, an oil, a small oval, in which he presents himself smoking an enormous meerschaum pipe, and clad in a bright-coloured costume some-

thing between a Mexican bandit and an American cowboy.

Uncle James, who married an American wife, reached a high degree of material success, and died the owner of mills in New Jersey, U.S.A.; but his hobby was water-colours, the old method, careful drawings, often architectural, flushed with colour. Some are very fine. He and his wife were persistent European travellers, and I see him now, seated at the window of his bedroom in a London hotel, making a picture, with patience and delight, of the scene beneath him.

Uncle Henry was Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Trinity College, Toronto. His chief work, in two volumes, published by Longmans in 1860, lies before me. *Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expedition of* 1857, *And of the Assinnboine and Saskatchewan Exploring Expedition of* 1858 by Henry Youle Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.

The text is scientific, and well-arranged, and was of course above a child's head; but the pictures in colour! Ah! I pored over them as a boy. I turn the pages to-day, and recapture some of the old thrill which I felt when first looking at, "The Fox: Chief of the Plain Crees"; "Indian Graves"; "Beginning of Great Dog Portage,"

and, most wonderful of all, "The Prairie Looking West," with nothing there but one human skull on the scorched grass, and a flight of carrion birds in the sky.

But it was Uncle Henry's personal influence that counted. He was a wonderful teller of tales, and as all his stories were of dangers and escapes, of Indians, Hunters, Beasts, Cataracts, and Camp Fires, you can guess what an effect his infrequent visits had upon the child in that quiet London house.

How often since have I told to children his favourite yarn of the Hunter and the Beaver. It ran something like this:

UNCLE. "The Beaver scurried across the stubble—the Hunter after him.

"The Beaver swam a stream—the Hunter after him.

"The Beaver climbed a tree——"

NEPHEWS (*shouting*): "But, Uncle, a Beaver can't climb a tree."

UNCLE: "He had to do it."

So, I recall the Influences and Adventures that seem to have shaped the eager, sentimental, romantic, imaginative child that was I. And I have hardly touched upon the chief influences—my Celtic mother, sprung from a race of Unitarian

Welsh ministers; and my practical, thorough, emotional father, sprung from the Midlands, Nottingham, the city of Lace. He was in Lace from the beginning to the prosperous end, and it was with him, in Lace, that I began my business career, always meaning, when my wings were strong enough, to escape and be a writer.

After four years at Guildford in the company of the Ogre—and school companions some of whom, when these memories were first published in *The Sphere*, recalled themselves to me from the mists of half a century—there was talk of my being sent, as my brothers were later, to University College School, where, I believe, there was no official religious teaching. But one day—it fell suddenly like a bomb—my father came home from the City with the news that there was promise of a Presentation to Christ's Hospital for me. It came; but there was delay and doubts. Was I to be a Bluecoat Boy, in the descent of Lamb and Coleridge, or not? I suppose that the doubts were due to the suspicion that my father's position was not sufficiently penurious. A few weeks later "The Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and Worshipful the Governors of Christ Hospital" decided that, as I was one of a family of ten, the eldest son, I should be admitted.

One lowering February afternoon in 1872, accom-

panied by my father, I made the journey to the Christ's Hospital Preparatory School at Hertford, and experienced the awfulness of being left in a Public School—alone.

Thirty years afterwards I wrote a "Things Seen" which I called *The Child* about that first evening at school; and because an almond tree in blossom comes into it, and because it tells of emotion remembered in middle-age, I reprint *The Child* here.

"When the pink buds of the almond tree show against the spring sky, the particular sorrow of a child's life comes back to me. For an almond tree grew just within the gates of the school playground, and this small boy's sorrow was as lonely as the attempt of the almond buds to brave the winds of March.

"He was three months short of ten, and in the early spring his father took him to the big school—a boarding school in the country (Christ's Hospital, Hertford). They arrived in the late afternoon, and before the small boy had time to distinguish one of his boisterous companions from another he was marched into the hall to supper. Friendless, a choking in his throat, the mist of controlled tears in his eyes, from his seat at the end of the long table he saw far away on the dais, sitting with the supper master, his father, the one familiar figure in the large, alien company. That comforted him; but before supper was over his father came towards him, patted him on the shoulder, told him the

holidays would soon come, and disappeared. Then blankness and desolation.

"When supper was over the small boy escaped from his companions, lurked in the shadows until they had all gone into their wards, and then, making sure that he was alone in the playground, gave himself up to the pitiful comfort of an indulgence that was at once the pleasure and the pain of his first term at school. Beginning at the top of the playground, he walked slowly down to the gates where the almond tree grew, persuading himself that he was walking in the footsteps that his father had taken a little while before. This he did every night. It was cheerless comfort, and the cup had its drops of bitterness that grew more pungent as the days passed. For soon he realised that his short legs could never take the long strides that his father took on that walk down the playground.

"I see him now, his little legs wide apart, trying to balance himself, with anxious face and tears, making night by night that ineffectual journey. In other seasons the vision leaves me; but each spring when the almond tree buds I see him again. And I am glad that he is no longer a child."

CHAPTER II

A MASTER AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, AND OTHER MATTERS

JOHN WINGFIELD, a master at Christ's Hospital in the Seventies, lives in my memory because he loved Milton, and passed on his love to me, and to three other of his pupils; but I have forgotten their names and faces. There were four of us, I know, because although I was but fifteen years and a few months old, it seemed to me strange that four boys should be willing to renounce play-time, and stay in the class-room after the others had been released, just to hear a master talk about Milton, and read from his poems.

Milton must have been one of the English subjects that term, because from my library shelf, where the autographed books are, I have just withdrawn *The Poetical Works of John Milton*, with introductions by David Masson. Between the leaves, against the last page of "Samson Agonistes," on which are two marked passages—"Nothing is here for tears" and "Nothing but well and fair"—is a faded

photograph of that untidily-bearded man, with the bright eyes, and the high forehead—John Wingfield. He must have given it to me forty-eight years ago. I write the numerals with emotion : it seems absurd to have lived so long.

On the title-page this is written—they used good ink at Christ's Hospital—" Charles Lewis Hind. Prize for best Class-Life of John Milton, November, 1877." It is signed J. W.

I remember his criticism of my essay ; he said, " Many of the facts are incorrect, but the style, at times, is almost charming."

Now, I ask you to observe that this volume of Milton's *Poetical Works* is not one of the official Christ's Hospital prizes, handsomely bound and tooled, with the crest of our " Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation " stamped in gold on the cover, and inside the grave announcement, " Presented by the Governors of Christ's Hospital to——." No, it was a private purchase of that untidily-bearded man, with the bright eyes, and the high forehead—John Wingfield, who loved Milton, who passed his love on to me, and thus—how shall I put it ?—first showed me what noble literature can be, how words can have the organ-note and yet be coloured like flowers, and how things can be said in a way that seems final, such as " So Lycidas

sunk low but mounted high," and "They also serve who only stand and wait." If I think to-day that "Lycidas" is the finest elegy in the language, and that "On His Blindness" is one of the finest sonnets, it is, I suppose, because John Wingfield read them to us after school hours, often with a husky, breaking voice, in the class-room of the Upper Fourth of Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street. And because the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

* * * * *

Francis Thompson has given us the immortal warning, "Thou canst not stir a flower Without troubling of a star." Of this I think when I recall how John Wingfield passed on to us his love of Milton, because he loved Milton, and because:

> All things by immortal power,
> Near or far,
> Hiddenly
> To each other linked are . . .

And my mind runs back to those early influences —Wingfield's and others—and to the reflection that they originated in men who loved what they did, or who did it as well as they could. Who can gauge the effects of such influences?

Let me take another example from my Christ's Hospital memories. In the early summer of 1874 a

Master of the Second Form, or Another, visited a book-shop, and purchased, as a prize, a book called *Longer English Poems*, edited by J. W. Hales, an excellent book, showing that this master had taste and literary discernment. This book was an official prize for Classics, 2nd form, and it was presented by The Governors, strange as it may seem, to me—Examination, July 1874. It lies before me now, and it is, as you may calculate, more than half-a-century old. Again I am moved to emotion, and to the wonder that I and it should have survived so long. For this book has been well read, and has seen foreign countries, and has been taken from the shelf a hundred times, because it contains, among other longer poems, Spenser's "Prothalamion," which I prefer to call by its haunting refrain, "Sweete Themmes! runne softly, till I end my Song," Gray's "Elegy," Milton's "Lycidas," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Wordsworth's "Intimations Ode," and Shelley's "Adonais." Can you wonder that I cherish an affection for my old school, and for John Wingfield, and for this unknown master who chose *Longer English Poems*? Think what it was to an eager and sentimental boy to have these masterpieces of poetry suddenly exposed to his growing literary appreciation, and to know that he had won, in open competition, the book

containing them. It took me a month to grasp what the word "Longer" meant; it took me a year to begin faintly to understand the music and thought of these poems, but had it not been for this book I should not have been ready to understand or to appreciate, in my last year at school, John Wingfield's love of Milton.

I wonder if many other men and women were so fortunate in their school prizes, and if all masters understand the great effect that a prize-book chosen with love may have upon a susceptible child.

All my life I have had an affection for Moore's *Irish Melodies*, and for Maclise's drawings. When my Free Verse and Post-Impressionist friends chide me for this affection, and look darkly when I persist, I withdraw from my bookcase Moore's *Irish Melodies* illustrated by D. Maclise, and, with averted head, show them the document pasted within the cover. It runs, "Presented by The Governors of Christ's Hospital to Charles Lewis Hind for perseverance at practice and attention to the duties of the Band. Examination, Christmas 1877."

"What?" cry my Free Verse and Post-Impressionist friends, "You a musician! You never told us!"

"I am not a musician," I reply. "You will observe that Mr. Hopkins, the bandmaster at

Christ's Hospital in my time, says nothing about merit in his inscription in this prize copy of Moore's *Irish Melodies*. He expressly states that the prize was awarded for perseverance and attention. I played the trombone in the Christ's Hospital band, I was very ambitious in those days."

Three books—mutely eloquent! But the one that I treasure most is the one autographed by John Wingfield. "Nothing is here for tears . . . Nothing but well and fair."

Not long ago I attended the Christ's Hospital Founders' Day Dinner, and the first toast was, of course, "The Pious and Immortal Memory of King Edward VI." and the second was, of course, "Church and King," for although the old school has flitted from London to Horsham, it does not change in essence, and the third toast was, of course—(those grave and beautiful words have chimed in my head for half a century)—"The Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital; may those prosper who love it, and may God increase their number."

I sat among my contemporaries, who were grey but frolicsome, and the general question, except for those at the High Table, was, "What have you been doing since you left C.H.?"

My right-hand neighbour, a prosperous City Man,

when he had satisfied the early pangs of hunger, remarked to me, "I remember you chiefly as an athlete."

I put down my knife and fork. I ceased eating. I was adrift in the mists of memory.

"You are very kind," I said to the prosperous City Man, "and you are quite right. I was an athlete, and my prowess on the cinder track is now as astonishing to me as my prowess on the trombone. I have bequeathed to my athletic nephew a massive silver mug, inscribed with the information that, in 1874, I won everything in Class IV., boys under twelve—long race, short race, high jump, long jump. I won them, I may say, easily and my successes as an athlete continued until I left school. Why does Nature start us on the road to Fame, and then baulk us?"

The prosperous City Man did not know.

At this point my neighbour on my left, an eminent surgeon, proffered me his gold cigarette case which contained, I observed, a delectable Egyptian brand; but he, for his own consumption, took from his pocket a packet of fags. Men are like that; especially those who had a son in the war. He opened the packet; then a curious thing happened; it contained, as a gift, besides the cigarettes, not a picture of a Golf Ground, not a repre-

sentation of a Reptile, enlarged, with appropriate description, but a reproduction of a portrait of Charles Lamb—*the* portrait.

How strange it was, and how delightful that Charles Lamb, the greatest of Old Blues, the most beloved figure in literature, should have intruded, bobbed up (so like him) in this haphazard, happy way. And, of course, with his photograph came, in my mind's eye, another great Old Blue, Coleridge —"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned——" so Lamb wrote of Coleridge.

Then, in a flash, certain things became clear to me. My debt to Christ's Hospital is literary—Milton and Lamb. They started me off; they pointed from sight to insight. Balanced against the agony of the dress, for to a sensitive boy the wearing of the yellow stockings in holiday time in the Victorian era (it was all right in the era of Edward VI) was an agony. And other things, too; the loneliness of the monastic buildings, the damp, sunken Giffs Cloister (G. F's—Grey Friars), with its menacing inscriptions on the walls. Shall I ever forget the fright I had when a small, new boy I read by moonlight the inscription, "Here lyes a Benefactor. Let no one move his bones."

I move his bones. I would sooner have died.

Such tremors, and the pain of conspicuousness from the yellow stockings are now nothing. What remains is gratitude for the open gate of literature through those prizes, through John Wingfield, who loved Milton; and the ever-present feeling that Charles Lamb walked those cloisters, and dreamed and smiled there.

When I go to the General Post Office, which sprawls about Little Britain, and Christ Church Passage, on the site of my Christ's Hospital, to post my American mail (10 p.m. with extra stamps) I always wander round, peering and remembering. Not long ago, I met an Old Blue on a similar pious, sentimental prowl, and he told me, little thinking what news it was to me, that they had put up a Tablet to John Wingfield in the New Christ's Hospital at Horsham.

I must visit it, and I will take with me some flower, according to the season, mentioned in Milton's list in "Lycidas."

Perhaps it will be "the rathe primrose"; or "the well-attir'd woodbine"; or cowslips "that hang the pensive head," or daffodillies "that fill their cups with tears."

My fancy will be "the rathe primrose," for then everything, I think, will be beginning again.

CHAPTER III

A SAINT AND TWO LONDON EDITORS. I LEAVE BUSINESS AND JOIN "THE ART JOURNAL"

A CHILD, in relation to religious belief, is what his parents are. He does not reflect or pick—he accepts. In after life, perhaps before adolescence, he may wander; but all his days are coloured by the line of no resistance he took in childhood. My mother, as I have said, was the daughter of a Welsh Unitarian minister; it was she who guided my father to Unitarianism. He had been Church of England, but I suppose that her faith was more essential to her than his to him. She told me once, "I talked your father into it when we were courting." Young women were like that in those days.

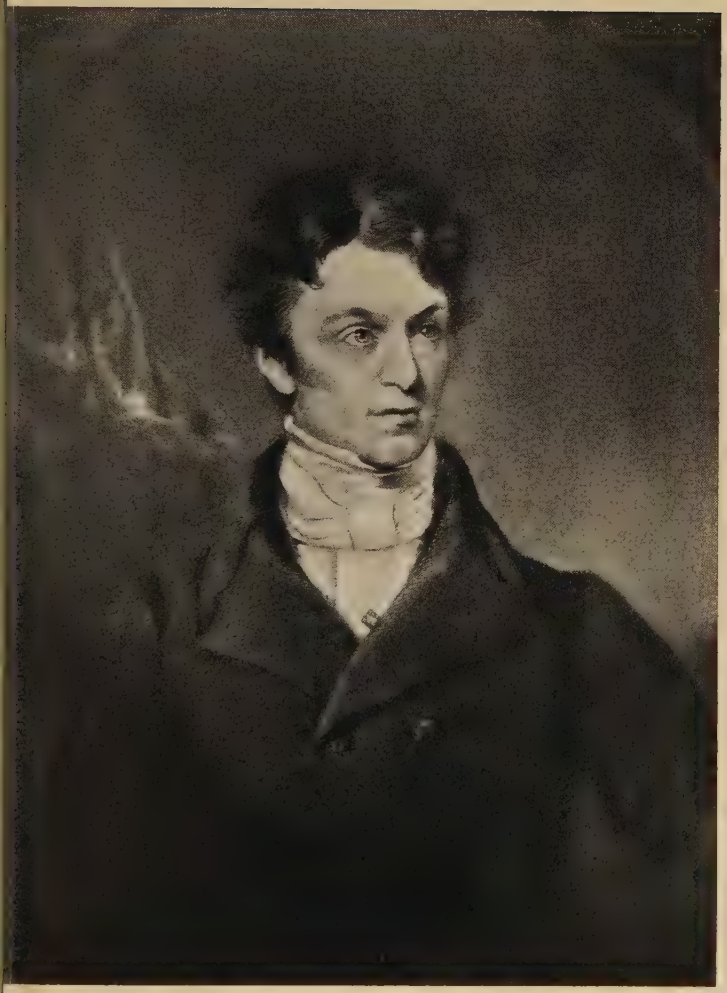
My father took Unitarianism practically—his nature. My mother took it mystically—her nature. I derived, I suppose, from her; indeed, I am sure of it.

Each sat at the foot of that Saint—James Mar-

tineau. To be called by the terrible, wonderful name of Saint would certainly have distressed Dr. Martineau, but what else can I call him? He was an Unseen Presence at our church, and intermittently in our home, but as a child I never saw him.

Once only I set eyes upon James Martineau, years and years later, when he was an old, old man. For me that encounter was sad, and yet, why? He was not sad. I saw him walking slowly, supported by a companion, down the sunny side of a Bloomsbury square; he was still lingering in a world which his spirit had long outsoared. His body was bent almost double with age, but his face was beautiful, as always; the soul that would not, could not, die shone through, and I recalled his words that my mother would quote—how do they run?—that we see here only the partial operation of a higher law, that we witness no extinction, but simply migrations of the mind, which survives to fill its high offices elsewhere, and find perhaps in seeming death its true nativity.

And once I, a wondering boy, had vicarious vision of Martineau in his prime, if the spiritual life can be said to have a prime. One night my father, who was a sound-headed business man with something of the romanticist in him, came home



JAMES MARTINEAU

exalted, his face illumined, his eyes shining, and I heard him telling my mother that he had been present at Martineau's valedictory address; that after it he had avoided friends, shrinking from a return to earth and earthly intercourse; and that he had walked home as if with wings. Then he took from the bookcase Martineau's *Endeavours After the Christian Life*, and I, looking into it next day, felt the beauty of the prose, but could not then follow the thought.

Influences? I am sure now that it was the Martineau influence, the beauty of his writing equally with the beauty of his thought, that schooled me in the knowledge of all that literary expression, at its finest, could be. His tuition began when I was a child, long before I came under the influence of John Wingfield at Christ's Hospital; it continued after that; it exists to-day.

Before me is a smallish, quiet-coloured book, published by Edward T. Whitfield in 1861, a book hardly known, I suppose, outside Unitarian circles, called *Common Prayer for Christian Worship in Ten Services for Morning and Evening*. This was in use in the place of worship we attended—the Free Christian Church, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, and when I use the word "attended," I mean it. My father was a Victorian; so twice each Sunday, at

punctual hour, the family was marched to church. We were never allowed to shirk. I am glad of that now, because in the course of years I absorbed the beauty of the language of those Ten Services. They had been arranged by Martineau—that Unseen Presence. Eight of the services were, more or less, adapted by him from The Book of Common Prayer in use in the Church of England, but the last two services—my mother told me this in very early days—were, with certain exceptions—Canticles, for example—composed by Martineau himself.

The smallish, quiet-coloured book lies before me, with my father's name on the title-page in his firm handwriting, and under it the words "Pew 44." I read again the Ninth and Tenth Services—no, I do not read them again; I start a passage, and the rest of it all comes back to me from the mists of boyhood. . . . "Anew we dedicate ourselves to thee. We would ask nothing, reserve nothing, for ourselves, save only leave to go whither thou mayest guide, to live not far from thee, and die into thy nearer light. . . ."

And so on, and so on. . . . "Consecrate with thy presence the way our feet may go; and the humblest work will shine, and the roughest places be made plain. . . ."

So I learned, Sunday by Sunday through the

years, how Martineau used words exquisitely to express his thought. . . . "Commit thy word, O Lord, to the lips of faithful men [he was one], or the free winds of thine invisible Providence. . . ."

My luck continued. For these Services were read Sunday after Sunday, year after year, most beautifully, by our minister, the Rev. P. W. Clayden, who —it seems hardly credible in these days—was also a leader-writer on *The Daily News*, for a time assistant-editor, and on more than one occasion temporarily editor-in-chief. He was my first contact with journalism. For me that slight, quick-mannered, emotional man, with the lively, eloquent eyes and persuasive voice, was a figure of romance and wonder.

Sunday evening for him was a race against the clock. He had to leave the Free Christian Church at a settled moment in order that he might be at *The Daily News* office on schedule time; sometimes I would see my father smile at my mother when, after a hurried glance at the clock, our minister, in announcing the last hymn, would say, "Omitting the third and last verses."

As I have said, he was a beautiful reader of Martineau's beautiful and spiritual rhythms, and his sermons were almost poems. One I remember—or was it a lecture?—on "The Poetic Spirit in Litera-

ture and Life" ; it seemed to me that life would be worth living if I could ever compose anything like that. But my great interest in P. W. Clayden was that he was in touch, actively and authoritatively, with the remote, alluring world of Fleet Street. With envy and admiration I would watch him, after service on Sunday evening—his face flushed, his eyes sparkling, his throat muffled up—hurry down the aisle, nodding adieu to his flock, and disappear into the night on the way to *The Daily News*, where I mused, he might meet Andrew Lang and Richard Whiteing, and perhaps Archibald Forbes back from some victorious special correspondent journey.

I remember a complaint from a section of the congregation that the Rev. P. W. Clayden did not do enough pastoral work. The complaint grew ; a church meeting was held, but it died away when a prosperous Master Builder, a jolly man, blurted out, with some warmth, that he for one "didn't want a parson prayin' on his doorstep." The wise majority at the meeting decided that they could do without the pastoral work, but that they could not do without Clayden as preacher and interpreter of Martineau's thought. So the Free Christian Church continued to share this attractive man with Fleet Street.

There was another contact with journalism in the congregation—dear old John Latey, who was then editor of *The Illustrated London News*. His son, John Latey, junr., a lively man, a jolly man, an acquisition to an evening party, was editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. To white-bearded, benevolent, simple-hearted John Latey, senr., I confided my literary leanings, and he, of course, strongly advised me to remain with my father in the old-established lace business of Fisher and Robinson, of which my father was manager.

At the time which I have now reached—it was in the spring of 1887—I had been for some years in the lace business, journeying into the City each morning, often not arriving home until late in the evening, and then snatching an hour or two for writing and getting published (of this more anon), and to my astonishment making in the month more by writing than I made by misunderstanding lace. It was great fun to show my mother the cheques I received from *The Daily News*, *Tit-Bits*, and *Belgravia*, and very difficult to hide from my father that in my bedroom at nights I was writing, and not studying Dr. Smiles's *Self-Help*.

I wanted to escape; I wanted to be a writer, not because I had anything new to say—who has?

—but because I seemed to see in writing the open gate to a larger and more exciting world.

Again I appealed to John Latey; he was so much more approachable than Clayden. Then one day John Latey, because of my importunity, gave me an *Illustrated London News* concert ticket, and murmured kindly, "Two hundred words—let me see what you can do."

I knew nothing about music, so I ignored the musicians, and wrote about the effect of music on the audience, which was clever of me and showed that I had the journalistic *flair*. John Latey was pleased with the two hundred words.

And then, a few days later, the miracle happened. I received a brief letter from John Latey saying he had just heard that the sub-editorship of *The Art Journal* was vacant, and he suggested (I think he must have smiled as he wrote the letter) that I should apply for it. He recommended that, in the first place, I should call upon Mr. Lionel Robinson, of Somerset House, who was a friend of the editor of *The Art Journal*, Mr. Marcus B. Huish. I kept the Latey letter secret, for success seemed incredible.

I saw Lionel Robinson. I saw Marcus B. Huish. I saw two of the partners of the old firm of Virtue and Co. of City Road, proprietors and publishers

of *The Art Journal*. I talked—how I talked—and when the issue seemed doubtful I explained to the firm how advantageous it would be to have a sub-editor with a business training. They seemed interested, for the word "business," which means little, appears to signify much. Then I explained that I was also a writer, had been paid for my contributions, and was conversant with the pictures in the Doré Gallery.

I was given the appointment. The whole thing was done in a day-and-a-half.

I left the City at 2 p.m. on a Saturday in July, 1887. I presented myself at *The Art Journal* office at 9.30 a.m. on the following Monday.

In saying good-bye to my father I almost broke down, almost fired my boats, because he almost broke down. He said to me, very pale, with a twitching mouth, "You may be a genius [I wasn't]; but you are my boy, and—and I don't want you to—to—go away."

Hard is youth when agog about its own future.

CHAPTER IV

ADVENTURES IN SELF-IMPROVEMENT IN THE 'EIGHTIES: THEN AND NOW TABLES

BEFORE narrating the Influences and Adventures, that quickly followed when I joined *The Art Journal*, I am inclined to recall some of my adventures in Self-Improvement, during the early 'Eighties. They were slight, continuous, and amusing.

I can hardly believe that our London of to-day is the London we knew in the 'Eighties. Why, bicycling, as a social pastime, had not even begun; jolly business men still journeyed to the City by 'bus, their seats punctiliously kept for them; Henry Irving and Edward Terry were the popular actors; Ellen Terry?—a star danced when she was born; we idolised Nelly Farren and adored the dancing of Kate Vaughan and Sylvia Grey; advanced folk read Rhoda Broughton and blushed; but romantic youth held by *Guy Livingstone*. I remember the closing passage: "The next time a

woman's lips touched Guy Livingstone's—they were is mother's, and he had been dead an hour."

So the ivory gates of the lesser romance opened. peaking of romance, I learnt by heart, without ffort, the glorious passage in the introduction o *John Inglesant*, beginning, "What is romance?" nd I made friends with a young Scotsman mainly ecause I was eager that he should hand over to me ach Monday night his copy of *The Glasgow Evening Veekly Citizen*, which contained an article called Tangled Talk," crowded with delightful and senti- aental extracts from second-best poems of the day.

Once I went down to the City on the knife-board the 8.15 'bus from The Green Man—or was it The Archway Tavern?—and the cheery driver, ho was swathed in rugs like an Indian baby, hirped amazing yarns about the houses and people e passed. But "time is money," so we were structed in those days; it became my duty to avel to the City by the sulphurous Underground Aldersgate Street Station, and there carved upon tall old building I would read these astonishing ords, "Milo the Crotonian, an ox slew with his t and ate it up at one meal. Ye gods what a orious feast." I turned up Milo the Crotonian the *Encyclopædia*. So education progressed.

But there were other and more orthodox methods

of education for those employed in business during the day-time. There was the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, which has now developed into the Birkbeck College, University of London. Some of the windows of the old building (now a bank) overlooked Staple Inn Garden, " the fayrest Inne of Chancerie "—that garden, still an oasis of grass, flowers, and a fountain of living water in the hubbub of modern London. I used to pretend that I joined the Birkbeck because of its propinquity to the garden of Staple Inn ; but the real reason was, I think, because of the legend in the family that my father had once attended the old Birkbeck Political Economy classes of Dr. George Armitage Smith, who later became Principal of Birkbeck College.

I joined three evening classes—Elocution, English Literature, and Shorthand—which meant less play ; but in Victorian days a youth who wished to " get on," and who had been through *Self-Help*, by Samuel Smiles, willingly accepted such curtailment of pleasure. Pleasure ? We were all so ambitious, at least my little set was, that working for the future —our future—was pleasure. I remember a gifted youth called Lamplough, a Byronic poet, one of my friends, who was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple while he was still employed in a City warehouse, hours from nine till six, and often later.

The Birkbeck shorthand classes I dropped soon. They were interesting but useless, I decided, for I had learnt by that time that an accurate note of life was not what my editors wanted, and that the few things worth writing about were those that produced emotional or mental excitement in the writer.

The English literature classes lasted longer. I have but to close my eyes on a twentieth-century evening, and those summer evenings of the 'Eighties return—the open windows, the splash of the Staple Inn fountain, the ardent students (where are they all now?), the frock-coated, efficient master, and with the excitement of mighty, inviting, beckoning London all around, trying to be interested in "The Vision of Piers Plowman," and "Chaucer Unto His Empty Purse."

"Don't bother about these early Johnnies," one of my unliterary friends remarked, "Come and hear Rowley sing":

> Going to the Derby, looking very smart,
> Doing all the journey in me little donkey cart,
> Passing all the vehicles like a little dart,
> Driving down to Epsom in me little donkey-cart.

The English literature classes were interesting, but I knew amusingly well that my line was not scholarship, that I must have a purpose above and beyond everything I learned, so the time came

when I dropped the English literature class, as I had dropped shorthand, and devoted two evenings a week, sometimes three, to the elocution classes under the tuition of Mr.—I fancy he called himself Professor—Olsson.

Here was something with a purpose, for although I was still determined to be a writer, the ambitious youth, that was I, could not neglect alternative avenues of fame. Ah me! The dreams of youth founded on nothing but desire!

There was the career of a great statesman, and the career of a great actor. And a knowledge of elocution, whichever was the ultimate choice, would be of value.

Those were anxious and strenuous—and happy days, although then I did not know it. I would arise at six in the morning, walk to a disused house in the neighbourhood of my father's house, and practise long and short vowel sounds such as Căr, Bāre, Băt, Bāte, and tricky elocutionary sentences, such as "Though the rough cough and hiccough plough me through," before returning home for the seven forty-five breakfast. Once a tramp saw me, heard me, and ran.

These Elocutionary classes had another advantage. They taught me many examples of verse and prose. How proud I was of reciting "Vital Spark of

Heavenly Flame," "The Leper," "The Raven," 'The Atrocious Crime of Being a Young Man," 'Maud Muller," "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and several scenes from Shakspere.

Then there were the quarterly dramatic entertainments, in which occasionally I played a small part. One of my brief successes, I have been told, was the landlord in *She Stoops to Conquer*. And through the good offices of my friend Joseph Pearce, a real actor, I doubled and trebled parts in a professional company (I was unpaid) which performed on Fridays, Saturdays, and Mondays at the New Cross Hall. Our presentation of Lytton's *Richelieu* was highly successful. One of the three small parts I played—very hot, very determined to succeed, on my bended knee to a frowning Richelieu—had this telling line "Sire, the secret correspondence—most urgent." How odd that one should remember these little things, and forget so many big things!

But apart from the personal activities of our elocution class, there were great gatherings on Wednesday evenings. Again and again I heard Samuel Brandram, courtly, of the old school, recite entire plays by Shakspere without a note; and I can see, even now, George Grossmith, the theatrical ancestor of the lively family, grandfather of the G. G. of to-day, ripe and rubicund, after giving

a selection of Dickens extracts, advancing to the footlights and saying, "The second part of this evening's entertainment will be conducted by my son, George Grossmith, junr."

That was before he made his great success in Gilbert and Sullivan opera; he was then what was known in Victorian days as a "Drawing-room Entertainer," the dazzling light of which was Corney Grain at Mrs. German Reid's.

George Grossmith, junr., sat at the piano and delighted us, among other virtuosities, with "You should see me dance the polka"; and when he rose from his seat and illustrated the song, with a chair as partner and coat-tails flying, the excited and delighted audience clamoured for a triple encore. It may have been then that George Grossmith said in his quick, bird-like way, "It is my ambition to play in a farce wherein, at the beginning, I place a band-box upon a chair—and never sit upon it."

But the greatest night was when Irving recited *Hamlet* on an Ash Wednesday, when, in Victorian days, the theatres were closed. Ellen Terry was in the audience, and Bram Stoker hovered about like a tall, blond ghost. Miss Terry watched Irving tenderly as a mother watches a performing child, and when she saw, or fancied she saw, an untoward incident—an imperfect lighting, a passing contre-

mps with the leaves of his text, a flapping blind-ord—Miss Terry would call out in her lovely tear-t-the-voice utterance, "Bram! Bram!" and ram would rush to her, bend his blond height to sten, and hurry away to correct the disharmony.

As a boy I was not allowed to go often to the heatre. Of course I was taken to the Lyceum—rving was Irving; he was part of our education—ut the play-house generally, in Victorian days, as regarded as a frivolity. On Saturday after-oons, however, I was my own master, and I seem o remember that for a whole winter I would often reep up the stairs into the sixpenny gallery of the ld Globe Theatre, where *Les Cloches de Corneville* as having its first long run. Rapture! I have orgotten the names of the young ladies who played erpolette and Germaine, but they squeezed into place in my heart where Ellen Terry reigned.

As to Art—there was the Royal Academy. The alk at tea and dinner tables was about the pictures ainted by Leighton, Millais, Watts, Alma-Tadema, oynter, Leader, and Herkomer; and somewhere in he background, with their particular public, were he enigmatic Whistler and the wistful Burne-Jones. hen one day, with nods of disapproval from the ictorian households, the Grosvenor Gallery was ounded by Sir Coutts Lindsay, Burne-Jones came

into his own, *Patience* was produced at the Opéra Comique, and the "æsthetic craze" became the most popular and the most amusing movement of the day.

Later Comyns-Carr and Hallé (Hallicarnassus), started the New Gallery (now a cinema); so the modern movement was launched. But I, little educated in art in those days, was faithful, in secret, to Gustave Doré, and on many Saturday afternoons would sit rapt in the dimly-lighted, magnificent Doré Galleries in Bond Street, wondering at what man could do with brushes, pigment, and canvas. . . .

Writing went on. Many years afterwards, recalling the strange urge that sets a young man writing, I composed the following Then and Now percentage tables, analysing the purposes of authorship at the beginning, and towards the end, of a career.

Then.—50 per cent. Ambition, and Escape from Environment.
25 per cent. Vanity.
20 per cent. Earning a Living.
5 per cent. Something to Say.

Now. —50 per cent. Earning a Living.
25 per cent. Vanity.
25 per cent. Something to Say.

I may be wrong, but the figures look nice and formal.

CHAPTER V

LEARNING TO LIVE BY WRITING IN THE 'EIGHTIES AND EARLY 'NINETIES

LIVING by writing in the 'Eighties and early 'Nineties seems to me, in retrospect, to have been easy, because my expenses as a bachelor were small—rarely over £300 a year—and because, after 1887, I always had an editorial appointment. Editorial salaries kept me. If I needed a luxury, I wrote an article. What would have happened had I been forced to live entirely by the pen I know not; but I wish now that I had been stretched out to make the attempt.

All this is of small importance save to myself and to a few of the friends of my youth. Yet, who knows? Those who are beginning to write to-day may be interested, and perhaps, also, some of that mighty number grown grey with toil, feeling the implications of writers' cramp, yet who, nevertheless, can never see a virgin sheet without wanting to say something on it.

I ascribe such success as I had with editors to an innate knowledge of the difference between market-

able and unmarketable stuff. Sometimes, of course, I succumbed to the attraction of the unmarketable; for youth—that is, such a youth as I was—loves a morbid theme, and regards unhappiness as an ever-receding joy. So I produced painful stories; one was called "The Unpardonable Sin," which no editor would print. Most of these exercises in misery I have forgotten, but looking through my diary under date November 8, 1885, I find this entry: "Cassell's have returned 'The Professor's Love Story,' saying they cannot undertake its publication as a one-volume sensational story. I shall now send it to *The Family Herald*."

What "The Professor's Love Story" was about I have forgotten, but I seem to remember that the Professor died through sucking diphtheritic fluid from a child's throat. The mother was the Professor's sweetheart, but the child was not his. I am sure that Messrs. Cassell and *The Family Herald* were right in refusing this story. Such things were not suitable themes for the '80's.

Poems I wrote, too, with such titles as "Life" and "Whispers"; usually they appeared in *Public Opinion* and *The Holloway Press*. They were not remunerative, but how wonderful it was to see them in print, signed! Years afterwards I re-wrote one of my *Public Opinion* effusions, an "Address to Epicte-

us," and sent it to Sir Douglas Straight, when he was editing *The Pall Mall Gazette*, under the title of . An Old Emotion Re-considered." He printed it an "Occ. Verse," and sent me half-a-guinea. o I became a professional poet, and was allowed o join The Poets' Club.

The Holloway Press published sketches from my en with such titles as "Those Holidays" and 'The Orthodox Bigot." John Latey liked that nd suggested that I should write one on "The Heterodox Bigot." Also poems (top of a column, ut unpaid). After a while my brother and I urchased this excellent journal and plant from ohn Pillar, the editor-proprietor—or rather, we ought partnerships in it with borrowed money. One day, aching for a compliment, I said to John illar, a dear, gentle creature, "Why did you publish ny early things?" Stroking his beard reflectively e replied, "Well, your father in those days used to do a nice little bit of advertising with us."

Our first balance sheet was all awry; it was plain hat we were running the paper extravagantly, nd that we had paid overmuch for *The Holloway ress*. I entreated gentle John Pillar to explain. I egan to storm; all he did was to gaze aloofly hrough the office fanlight, and all he said was, 'What a quiet sky!"

Perhaps my chief unmarketable commodity was a bustling, staccato novelette called *Hence These Tears*, narrating the adventures of an alluring Bulgarian young woman who plotted to destroy, or to found, monarchies—I forget which—from a table in the Café Monico. Everyone, including myself, fell in love with her. I sent *Hence These Tears* to Arrowsmith of Bristol, who, as publisher of *Called Back*, had brought fame and fortune to "Hugh Conway." A stupendous best-seller was *Called Back;* we were all eager to write a best-seller. Arrowsmith's verdict on *Hence These Tears* was not unfavourable; but they informed me that it was much too short for a "shilling shocker." I did not add to it—could not—for I had turned with gusto to something else; but it taught me to watch the length of book or article.

My marketable side was less romantic, less tragic; but it paid, and procured my first dress suit, with the first money I earned by writing—four guineas. That was the sum *The Daily News* paid me, to my astonishment, for an article on "Lace," about which I knew something, because, as I have said, lace was my father's business, and he tried to teach it to me. Really I knew nothing about Unpardonable Sins, or Bulgarian girls with bright eyes. So I learnt my second lesson in writing for a living—write

bout something within your knowledge, and add, if ou can, the gleam ; or as Will Waterproof puts it : Look at all things as they are, But through a kind f glory." Other *Daily News* articles from my en followed, each producing four guineas, with hich I bought my first bicycle.

Quickly I had learned that *The Daily News* liked rticles dealing with the Romance of Business. Alas, he four guineas flow ceased immediately I reached he limit of my knowledge of the Romance of usiness.

Foolishly, I sent *The Daily News* an article alled " Suburban Parties," a humorous essay, ot as good as Charles Lamb, but not wholly bad. ack it came from the *Daily News* with a pencil rawl on the rejection form, " Subject unsuitable." nother lesson !

That night I bought *The Globe*, now gone where ood newspapers go ; I miss it ! I read the " Turn-ver " through carefully, and counted the words ; was called the " Turnover " because it began ways at the right-hand top corner of page one, nd turned over to page two. Many writers began heir careers writing *Globe* " Turnovers " ; most of y friends were in, or had lately passed through, he " Turnover " stage.

I cut 400 words from " Suburban Parties " (I

had learned my length lesson) and sent it to *The Globe*. It appeared within the week—remuneration one guinea. This was *The Globe* payment for any kind of article, and that was why most writers left that nursery when their pens could command a more adult price. I did a great deal for *The Globe*, because I had no particular need for extra money now that I had acquired a dress suit and a bicycle, and because I loved to see myself in print and to send the cuttings to my mother. Ponsonby Ogle, a charming man, was acting editor, and because I wrote to him on *Art Journal* paper, which suggested that I was an authority upon art, he commissioned me—or rather, I persuaded him to commission me—to write a weekly article for *The Globe* under the heading "Art and Artists," which lasted until I was appointed editor of *The Pall Mall Budget*; he also instructed me—or rather, I persuaded him to allow me—to interview certain Royal Academicians: Leighton, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Herkomer, Burne-Jones, and so on, under the heading "Some Living Painters."

I could not do it now—I would not—but in those days the more difficult and absurd the task, the more delightful it seemed. The interviews were peaceful. I asked many questions, took no notes, and told the distinguished painters all about myself.

Writing for *The Globe* was tolerably easy, but it was not easy to write for *The St. James's Gazette*. Sidney Low (now Sir Sidney Low), the editor at that time, has a fine taste in literature; to be accepted by him was something of a triumph. Half-a-dozen times he printed me—such articles as "A Palace in Brown Holland," describing Buckingham Palace when the King was not in residence; a visit to the St. Bernard Hospice, under the title of "The White Building by the Monastery," and a macabre thing the scene laid in Holland, called "The Creature in the Cottage," the unmarketable made marketable, because I had learned the way of doing it. I shivered when I wrote "The Creature in the Cottage."

I aimed still higher when I began to write for Henley in *The Scots Observer*, afterwards *The National Observer*. My heart beat quickly, my pulse raced, when he screwed up his eyes till I could no longer see the blue, and said of an article, "That'll do." One he printed was "In Boer Land"; another, "Humour in Paint"; a third, "Minor Sportsmen." The last-named was a favourite with me, as the opening sentence remained just as I wrote it. "Twilight is the runners' hour," it ran, and I like to think that Henley felt he could not improve upon that sentence. Ah, there was one

disadvantage in writing for Henley. He "improved" so much that when I showed my *National Observer* articles to my friends they would say, "But it isn't yours, it's Henley's."

One evening when I was leaving *The National Observer* office, Henley said to me with a frown, "Hind, don't write too much for *Tit-Bits*. It's demoralising."

I made no answer, but continued to write for that very popular weekly, then newly started, for I was beginning to enjoy travel, which needs money, and *Tit-Bits* paid well—a cheque on the day of publication, and if your article was chosen to decorate the contents Bill, you received an extra guinea. Frankly, I enjoyed writing articles from "first-hand experience," as the *Tit-Bits* editor called it, and entirely in my own hop, skip, and a jump manner. My initial effort on *Tit-Bits* was called "In an Actor's Dressing-room." It wrote itself, as it were. My friend, Joe Pearce, now gone, who was playing in *Bootle's Baby* at Terry's Theatre in the Strand, asked me to see him in his dressing-room. I went. How new it all was, how strange and delightful! The article was as easy to write as singing in one's bath. Henley would have thrown "In an Actor's Dressing-room" on the fire. The editor of *Tit-Bits* asked for more.

Why should a writer not serve the penny as well the sixpenny public—if he can?

I first met Joe Pearce in the elocution class at e old Birkbeck Institution. He was a star reciter, d a star actor in the quarterly plays. At e Birkbeck, too, I first met my old friend, . Pett Ridge, who had not then begun to publish. e did not act, but I believe that he laughed artily at my acting.

It was all very jolly—and yet I always had the eling that it was Prologue. To what? To—I ppose, the Great Novel, the Great Play. Visions! I was wise enough to be content to dream, and to muse myself with editing as a living, and articles d stories as extras. There was always—the uture; how soon it becomes the Past!

Each writer has his line—his talent. I believe at my talent was for the "Things Seen" I wrote *The Academy*—little notes of wonder at the little nders of the world—seen and felt.

Yet I wrote a novel and a play. Each failed. It s just.

And now I return to that summer of 1887, when eft business, and, full of hope and anxiety, seated rself in the sub-editorial chair of *The Art Journal*.

There I first met William Ernest Henley—fluence in chief of my youth.

CHAPTER VI

W. E. HENLEY AND "THE ART JOURNAL"

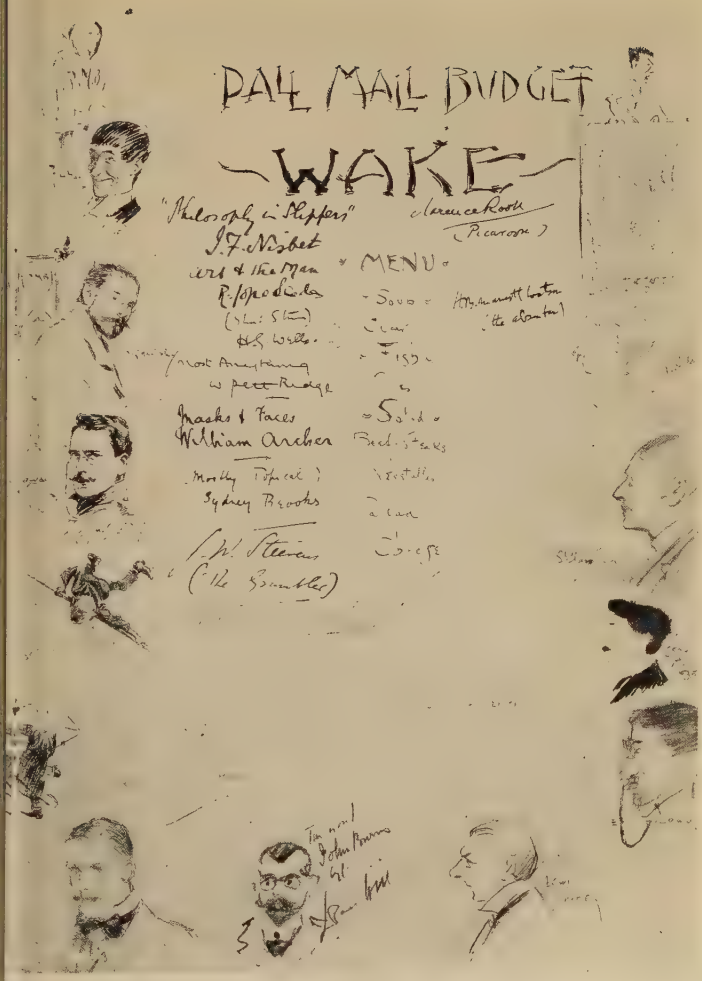
IT was the year 1888.

I had been sub-editor of *The Art Journal* for some months, and had learnt—well, I had learnt much; epecially the virtue of silence when experts were about. I had sub-edited the Christmas "Art Journal" on "Meissonier" from the pen of Lionel Robinson. I had reviewed P. G. Hamerton's book on *The Soâne*, illustrated by young Joseph Pennell; and I had written a four-page article on Christ's Hospital, which was illustrated by my friend Herbert Railton.

I had also discovered that *The Art Journal* was stodgy.

So apparently had the Proprietors. Brighter generalship was needed: someone with a wider outlook, and a more dashing artistic personality. The choice fell upon William Ernest Henley. It is to the credit of the Editor, Marcus B. Huish, that he concurred.

Henley had just published *A Book of Verses*,



SOUVENIR OF THE PALL MALL BUDGET WAKE, MARCH 28TH. 1895

Phil May
A. S. Hartrick
C. Sheldon
F. H. Townsend
F. J. B. Salmon
Raven Hill
Lewis Baumer
W. Mills
St. Clair Simmons
Cecil Aldin
E. J. Sullivan

which contained the "In Hospital" poems; and as he then had no vogue as a poet, and as he found it hard to make a living, he was not ill-pleased to receive a letter from Messrs. Virtue and Co., proprietors of *The Art Journal*, which was then about half-a-century old, offering him the position of Consulting Editor. The honorarium, as it was called in those polite days, was not large—one hundred pounds a year; but the duties were easy. He was to attend the Tuesday committee meetings, and to write most of the last four pages of each issue, which dealt with current art events.

Henley was chosen, not because he was a poet, but because he had been editor, between 1882–86, of *The Magazine of Art*, which has long gone, like *The Art Journal*; and because, being a friend of R. L. Stevenson and of his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, who was trying to be a painter in France, Henley was well informed on French painting, which was then beginning to inspire the younger British artists and to distress the elder Royal Academicians.

I knew all about the preliminary discussions which led to Henley's appointment as Consulting Editor, because one of my duties was to stand behind the editor's chair at the weekly committee meetings taking appropriate notes of the conversation. The

editor was Marcus B. Huish, a formal man, a correct man, familiar with St. James's Street, and I, as a youth who had begun to be observant, was entertained, without , I hope, showing it, by the contrast between Huish and Henley.

Said Huish privily to me one day, "Did you ever see a head of hair like Henley's? Does he ever brush it?"

Said Henley privily to me one day, "Did you ever see a man look more like a piece of Doulton ware than Huish?"

I was to watch Henley's shock of red hair and his tangle of red beard grow grey, then white as the years passed; but his quizzical blue eyes never lost their swift gleams of merriment, and his great bursts of laughter never lost their echoing roar. Henley's burly laughter (his whole body shook) is my chief memory of those Tuesdays in *The Art Journal* parlour. Who knew what set him off? Not the editor, not the partners, not I, but I suspected that the loudest bursts came when he realised, at intervals, suddenly, the incongruity of finding himself in that company.

Through the 'Nineties and later he was the literary influence in my life, and yet, as I write the words, the tall, languid figure of Andrew Lang floats out of the past—the Lang of the old, old *Daily*

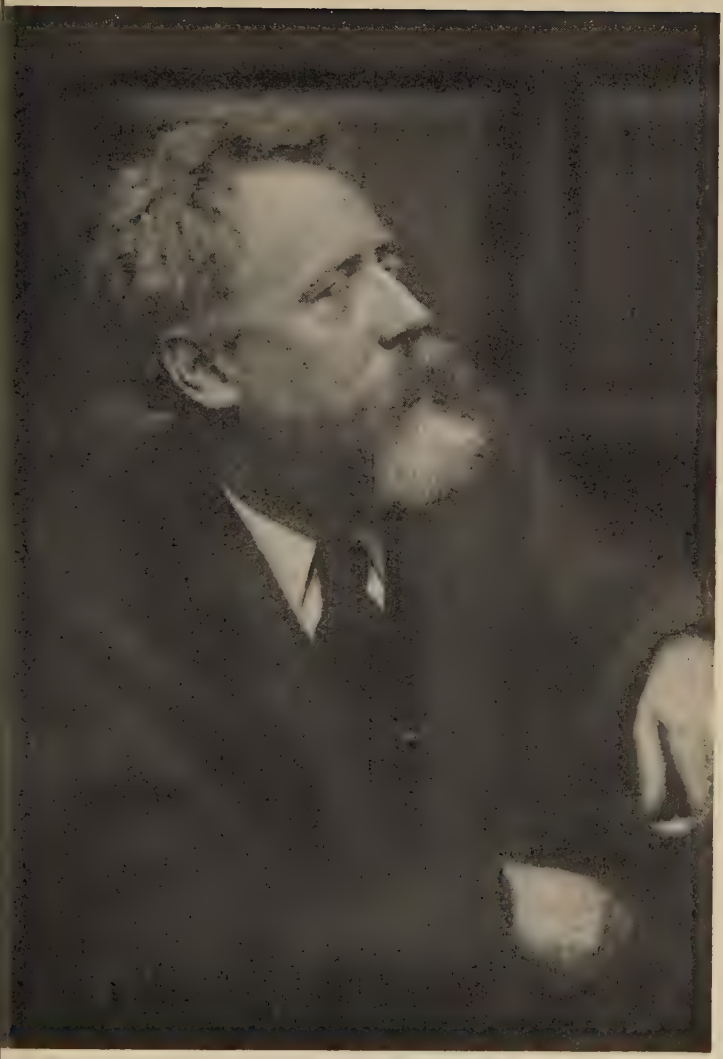


Photo. Hollyer

W. E. HENLEY

News literary leaders, with their ease, their humour, their elusiveness, and allusiveness. We tried to write like Lang because we knew that we wanted to write like Lang; we tried to write like Henley because we thought that we ought to want to write like Henley. They were friends; one summer they spent a week of sunny afternoons in a garden writing a burlesque of the Royal Academy Exhibition called *Pictures at Play*, illustrated by Harry Furniss. I have that book of fun and high spirits still.

Languid Lang! Turbulent Henley! Lang purred, Henley shouted. Yet he was the gentlest of creatures when he was away from his "young men," to whom he dedicated his *Views and Reviews* thus: "To the Men of *The Scots Observer*."

Most are gone now. Charles Whibley, that stalwart, remains, and G. S. Street, Arthur Morrison, Gilbert Parker, Barry Pain, and Francis Watt. And Kipling and Barrie, who, I am sure, in those early days would not have disowned the title of being Henley "young men." It was whispered that Kipling and Barrie were the only two writers on *The Scots Observer* and *National Observer* whose copy was not edited by Henley. My articles appeared in print with Henley's fist all over them. He would even edit an article that he had made up his mind to reject. I have one still with Henley's

tiny calligraphy crawling in and out of every line.

I first met a batch of Henley's "young men" at one of his Saturday evenings at Chiswick. His invitation thrilled me. It was at the close of an *Art Journal* committee meeting; with the help of the table and a stick he had risen to his feet. I had timorously handed him his crutches, which stood in the corner; he was stumbling down the passage when he half turned, and said over his shoulder, "Hind, some men are coming on Saturday night. You might drop in."

Ah, that night! Those nights! I have never heard such talk—wild, wilful, but great talk. Who was the man who, through the din and the smoke, lauded Jane Austen as if she were his sweetheart? And there was the duel between Henley and Oscar Wilde—subject Shelley—broadsword against rapier; and there was a night when Henley quelled the din, a strange look in his blue eyes, as he said, "Hush! there's a young lady upstairs now." That was Margaret (1888–94), "A little, exquisite Ghost," and Henley was never the same man after she went, at the age of six. He told me once that his last work would be called *A Book of Pity and Death*; but he had not the heart to finish it.

The influence of Henley on the young men who

sought him, or whom he sought, broadened and deepened. He became the Henley of *The National Observer*, which was adored by some, hated by others; it was Henley whose advice Harry Cust sought first when Astor made him editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

If I were asked when Henley gave his longest and loudest laugh, I should say that it was when I told him that Frederick Wedmore had said to me, "*The National Observer* is doing the devil's work." It was the most quoted journal of the day, and when it was sold the proprietor remarked in my hearing, "I would have kept it on if there had seemed a chance of ever selling one thousand copies a week."

As the years passed Henley, as poet and writer, grew more and more to belong to the world; he outgrew the clique; he became, wherever he lived, the Great Figure to whom we made pilgrimages. My last pilgrimage (and the last time I saw him) was to his house at Muswell Hill. Francis Thompson had become famous, and Henley commanded me (I like to put it that way) to bring the author of *The Hound of Heaven* to see him. E. V. Lucas accompanied us. Henley sat in a big, raised chair in the middle of the room, Francis Thompson on a stool at his feet, Lucas and I retired like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, towards the arras or

wall-paper, and listened with delight to the two poets discussing the great poets of the world, including themselves. They compared each other, openly, to Virgil and Crashaw. Yet when I think it all over, the occasions when Henley is most vivid to me are two—that moment when he first appeared, framed in the doorway of the sedate *Art Journal* parlour, looking like a roving Viking, and that afternoon when he turned and said over his shoulder, "Hind, some men are coming on Saturday night. You might drop in." That was my beginning; then, for the first time, he dropped the Mister.

My chief friend among Henley's "young men" was Vernon Blackburn, who had a genius for music and for friendship. He set poems by Henley and Alice Meynell to music; I still hear him singing them. He became intimate with the young Rudyard Kipling, who was beginning to dazzle literary London. Vernon told me of nights at Embankment Chambers, and how, when Kipling read to him "The Blind Bug," which appeared later in *The National Observer*, he suited the action to the word so vehemently, on reaching the line, "He flipped the blind bug into the dark," that the blood spurted.

Vernon took me to call upon Kipling when he was living with his parents in the Earl's Court Road, and he read a poem to us in his study on the lower

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1891

From the picture by the Hon. John Collier

ground floor. I stared at him and at his desk, upon which was the manuscript of a story in progress, Kipling's clerkly handwriting on blue paper, and at the top of the desk was carved, stretching from one side to the other, cut with Kipling's knife, "Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee."

One night when I was leaving the office of *The National Observer*, in Westminster, Henley asked me to send off a telegram. "You can read it," he said. It was to Rudyard Kipling, and contained four words—"God bless you, Henley"—the editor's acknowledgment of the first *Barrack Room Ballad*. Henley would publish anything so long as it was great—a mystical poem by Francis Thompson, a Barrack Room Ballad by Kipling, a South Seas essay by R. L. Stevenson, a Scots domestic fantasy by Barrie; and he tried to make my articles great by hurling his pen into them. I cherish those faded articles now, because they are his, not mine.

The weeks, the months, the years passed gaily. Wars were picnics, the income-tax was sevenpence in the pound, and we who were writing made decent incomes (for those days) backing "The New Journalism" and "The New Humour." "Q" was making people buy *The Speaker* for his story-essays; "F. Anstey" was introducing the humorous dialogue into *Punch*; "Anthony Hope" was

telling us about his "Dolly"; Zangwill was flashing jokes into "Ariel"; Barry Pain and Jerome K. Jerome were patenting "The New Humour," the "Kail-yard" school of fiction was sprouting; *Tit-Bits* was showing that journalism could be popular as well as solemn, and Stead in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and T. P. O'Connor in *The Star*, were proclaiming that news might be literary as well as exciting. Life went at a run. We called ourselves *fin de siècle*, and unconsciously or consciously we shouted somewhat to keep up our courage.

And Aubrey Beardsley appeared, and *The Yellow Book*, and *The Savoy*, and *The Studio*, of which I was the first editor, after I had retired, being ambitious, from *The Art Journal*. To *The Studio* I introduced Beardsley, and asked Joseph Pennell to write an article on him for the first issue, which made Beardsley famous. But that is another story; also why I left *The Studio* to become editor of *The Pall Mall Budget*.

And Henley watched everything, giving us all his blessing and his laughter.

CHAPTER VII

ASTOR AND "THE PALL MALL BUDGET": THE BEGINNING OF "THE STUDIO"

HENLEY'S connection with *The Art Journal* as Consulting Editor did not last very long. He was not the man to run in double harness.

I was sub-editor for five years, then seeing little chance of advancement, I began planning a new, more up-to-date Journal of the Arts, of which, of course, I was to be Editor.

Events moved quickly in the 'Nineties, and luck seemed to like us. As everyone knows, it is easy to plan a journal; it is not easy to find a financier. Being the 'Nineties, one was at hand. I happened to mention to John Lane, at the old Hogarth Club, that I was thinking of leaving *The Art Journal* and that I was planning a new art monthly. "That's odd, said John; "my friend, Charles Holme, is also planning one. He has money. I'll bring you together."

Within a week an agreement was drawn up appointing me editor of *The Studio*, the name we chose: that is, I proposed it and Holme agreed.

Offices were taken in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; they were sublet to us by Lawrence and Bullen, a new firm of publishers in those days, and at odd moments I would stroll down the passage to their parlour, where I would always find A. H. Bullen in a homespun suit, pipe in mouth, seated at a table piled with books, probably preparing another volume of the "Muses Library." He regarded my interest in actualities as freakish; he lived with the Elizabethans.

For weeks Charles Holme and I sat in the office, or in his study at the Red House, Bexley Heath, scheming the first issue of *The Studio*—he practical, I volatile. He said, "What we want, Hind, is a sensational send-off article for the first number."

One Sunday afternoon another flash of the 'Nineties luck touched me. I was calling upon that dear woman and rare poet, Alice Meynell, with Vernon Blackburn, our usual custom on a Sunday. I may say that calling at that house meant arriving about half-past three, staying till midnight, and meeting in the course of the year most of the literary folk worth knowing. I took Henley there, and Wilfrid Meynell took me to Box Hill to see Meredith, but that was later.

I made the acquaintance of Alice and Wilfrid Meynell, my first literary friends, in the early *Art*

ALICE MEYNELL

From the drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

Journal days. My cheek did it. So impressed was I with an article that Mrs. Meynell had written for *The Art Journal* that, instead of posting the proof, I determined to call and present it to her in person. This I did, and when, very late, Wilfrid Meynell accompanied me to the garden gate, I—moved, grateful, and innocent—said, "I should like to come here every Sunday." "Why not?" he asked with his lingering smile.

It was during my first visit, in that autumn of 1887, that Wilfrid Meynell said to me, "Do you happen to know a poet named Francis Thompson?" I shook my head. I was young, and knew no poets.

"I'm searching for him," Wilfrid continued. "A Francis Thompson sent some things, of which Alice and I think very highly, to a small magazine I own, *Merry England*. I delayed answering him; you know what editors are. The poet gave his address, "Post Office, Charing Cross," but he has stopped calling there for letters, and we cannot trace him."

Little did I think then, that in future years Francis Thompson would fill our lives with joy and anxiety, and be now a wonderful memory.

To return to that afternoon in 1893 at the Meynells', when I was still seeking a "sensational send-off" article for the first issue of *The Studio*.

Suddenly, without warning, the 'Nineties luck

touched me again. Vernon Blackburn was singing our hostess's "Love of Narcissus" sonnet, which he had recently set to music. When he reached the last line, "His weary tears that touch him with the rain," and we had stirred, after a pause, back to life, Aymer Vallance, who was among the guests, came towards me, saying, "I've brought a young artist here, Aubrey Beardsley. I wish you would look at his drawings: they're remarkable."

It seems incredible, but Beardsley was then only twenty years of age; he stood behind Aymer Vallance, slim, self-possessed, a portfolio under his arm. He handed it to me. I looked through the drawings, and said to myself, "Either I'm crazy, or this is genius."

Here was the "sensational send-off" that we wanted. What better than the discovery of a new genius by a new journal? I suggested that Joseph Pennell should write the article on Aubrey Beardsley, and that Beardsley should design the cover for *The Studio*, which he did. When No. 1 appeared in April, 1893, it was the talk of the town in art circles.

Strange to say, I was then no longer editor of *The Studio*. My friend, Charles Holme, at my earnest solicitation, had torn up my agreement, and I had engineered Gleeson White into the editorial chair. The reason was that William

Waldorf Astor and *The Pall Mall Budget* had intervened, and had whirled me away from *The Studio*—more of the 'Nineties luck. But who knows what is best for us ?

This surprising change in my fortunes came about in the most ordinary way.

At that time Marriott-Watson and I were living in St. John's Wood with our friend Rathbone, the Australian newspaper correspondent. Marriott-Watson came from New Zealand, and was speedily enrolled as one of Henley's "young men." He was very tall, with a great shock of hair. Somebody said that he looked like an Assyrian king, but that his hair was neither curled nor scented. We were walking home one evening after, I think, the matinée of *Richard Savage*. Oh, I must say a word about that play ! It was written by J. M. Barrie and Marriott-Watson ; it was not a success. Indeed, all I remember of it was when Barrie and Marriott-Watson took the call. An astonishing contrast they presented. Marriott-Watson so big and shaggy, Barrie so small and wan. Has Barrie ever taken a call since that day ? I think not.

Well, on that evening walk, after the matinée of *Richard Savage*, Marriott-Watson, who had been thinking hard, his custom at the oddest moments, suddenly said, "There's a big thing on. Astor,

you know he's the richest man in the world, is going to settle in London and run journalism. He's bought *The Pall Mall* publications. Harry Cust is to edit the *Gazette*, a brilliant creature, he made his name with a maiden speech in the House of Commons—he's heir, you know, to the Brownlow earldom; Freddy Hamilton (Lord Frederick Hamilton) is to edit *The Magazine* which Astor proposes starting. You are mentioned for the editorship of *The Pall Mall Budget*. It's all a dead secret. Astor's name mustn't be mentioned. What do you say?"

I said little, but I was sure that I should leave *The Studio*. It has never been my custom to think things out. I know at once what I am going to do: then I proceed to invent reasons.

Next week Astor's solicitor (it was all done in a very mysterious way) wrote asking me to call upon Mr. Henry Cockayne Cust, M.P., at Lord Brownlow's town house, 8, Carlton House Terrace. If there had been any doubt in my mind about the wisdom of leaving *The Studio*, Harry Cust's personality, charm, and promises would have immediately dissipated the doubt. He said that I would have the time of my life, that they were going to stampede the journalistic world, and then incidentally he offered me a salary as editor of *The Pall Mall*

Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

HENRY COCKAYNE CUST

Budget that was very much larger than the sum I was receiving as editor of *The Studio*. "But don't forget," he said, "you'll be under me." "That should be delightful," I replied. At this sally he laughed long and heartily.

Cust, too, was infected with, or instructed in, the idea of secrecy. The name of the proprietor must not be mentioned; he would descend from the heights in his own good time. I must be discreet. But I could not resist saying, "Do you require any more money for this enterprise?" At this additional sally Harry Cust laughed longer and more heartily. I believe it was my mild jokes that determined him to engage me as editor of *The Budget*.

What a staff we had on *The Pall Mall Budget*. Our 'Nineties flock included Kipling, Bret Harte, H. G. Wells, John Davidson, R. A. M. Stevenson, Conrad, G. W. Steevens, Marriott-Watson, William Archer, Le Gallienne, G. S. Street, Clarence Rook, Mrs. Craigie, Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Pennell, Mrs. Marriott-Watson, Mrs. Clifford, Mrs. Roy Devereux, Violet Hunt, Beardsley, Phil May, Raven Hill, F. H. Townsend, Halkett, Sullivan, Hartrick, Pennell, Wilson Steer, and Sickert.

Of these, or of some of them, I will talk in the next chapter. Here I will say something about Astor and Money, because I am, perhaps, the only

one left who has inside knowledge of those tumultuous happy days, and because Astor and his money gave me a deal of trouble.

Astor was a lonely man, a suspicious man ; always courteous, sometimes friendly, a gentleman, but not clubable in the Johnsonian sense.

He remained aloof ; he never mixed with us. During the three years I edited *The Pall Mall Budget* I saw him perhaps a dozen times. I would receive a communication from his solicitor announcing that Mr. Astor expected me at such-and-such an hour. I would make my way from Charing Cross Road to his magnificent offices on the Thames Embankment, near the Temple, with clerks and books, in a medieval setting. The purpose of these offices was for the control of money, not for the making of it.

I would be received by a man-servant in knee-breeches, and conducted by another to the Astor sanctum at the top of the building, an immense and gorgeous apartment, with a desk at the end where he sat ; and a drawer of the desk, always half open, was always full of sovereigns—his private petty cash.

Our conversations were curious. Usually they centred upon my ejaculations of embarrassment following a proposal by him to spend a vast sum of money on some wild journalistic scheme. I believe

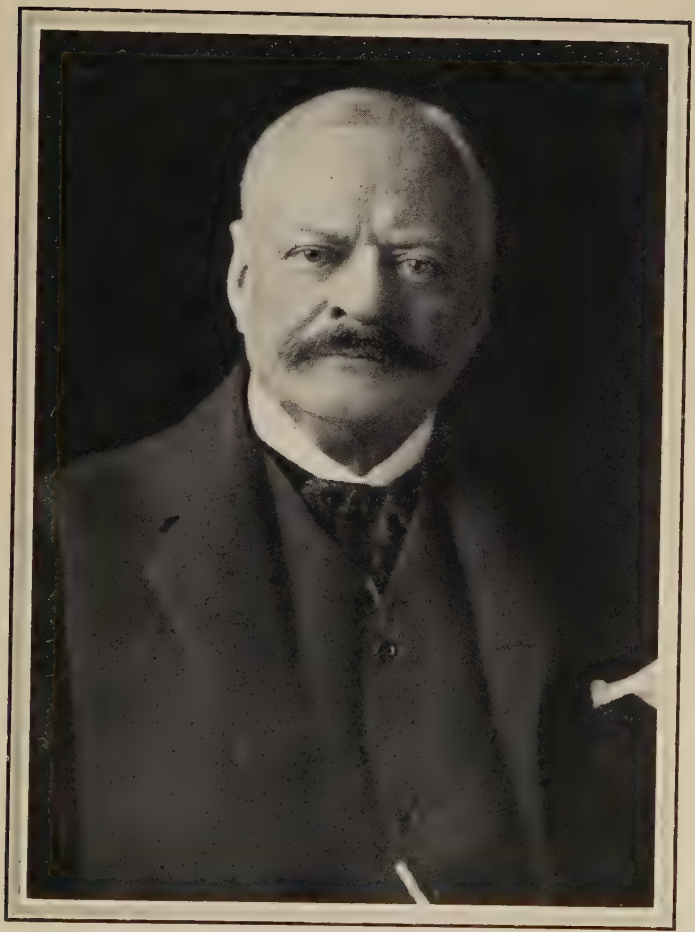


Photo. Haine

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR
(Lord Astor of Hever)

he thought that money could do anything, while I was wise enough to know that some time or other a journal must be made to pay. Here was a curious tangle : an editor trying to curb the extravagance of his proprietor. That could only happen in the 'Nineties.

Once he instructed me to publish all the pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition in colour. Aghast I said, " But do you know that would cost thousands, Mr. Astor ? "

He glowered at me and said, " Pray who would pay the bill ? " I replied, " I hope you would, sir." He almost smiled.

Our first tiff arose from my loyalty to Harry Cust ; it was not difficult to be loyal to Harry Cust. Mr. Astor had proposed to me some tremendous expense and I, upset, for I was really trying to be economical, said, " Does Mr. Cust know of this ? "

Whew ! I don't think he ever forgave that question.

It was plain to me, as to everybody, that William Waldorf Astor was jealous of Henry Cockayne Cust, who had a way of taking the lead in everything, and " putting it over," as they say. Cust was not always discreet. Life to him was too much of a lark for discretion. Like most of us, he had his troubles.

I believe that Astor's ambition was to be a

man of letters—his vein was medieval stories and nature essays—and I surmise that he may have bought *The Pall Mall* publications with some idea of having a market for his literary wares. Genial Freddy Hamilton (Lord Frederick Hamilton) published Astor stories in the *Magazine*. Buoyant but firm-when-he-wanted-to-be, Harry Cust said "No" when Astor submitted an article, adding "we must nip this in the bud." Back it went. I believe that Kinloch-Cooke (now Sir Clement) was still more rash (unwittingly) when he was temporary editor before Cust took charge. He returned an article by Astor on "Bird Life," I think—and blue-pencilled it.

Kinloch-Cooke has told me since that he did not know that the article he blue-pencilled and returned was by the Hon. William Waldorf Astor.

It was quite good, and it would have been so easy and harmless to print it.

Curious it was, and rather sad how little misunderstandings dogged our intercourse with our Chief.

I am sure that he meant well, and once when I had fired up at what I considered an injustice, he buried his face in his hands and said, "I want to act to others as I should like them to act to me." I was much moved. He might have done anything with me at that moment.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE ABOUT "THE PALL MALL BUDGET"

WHILE the new premises of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *Budget*, and *Magazine*, in Charing Cross Road were being made glorious we fitted ourselves into the old offices in Northumberland Street, which W. T. Stead had made famous and notorious.

As editor of *The Pall Mall Budget* I had a cubby-hole to myself, and as it was a weekly, I could begin work at a decent hour, like a banker. So my room, being empty until 10 a.m., was often used by the man who was writing the leader for *The Gazette*. The present Lord Darling was one of the co-opted leader-writers. I wonder if he remembers how patient and unobtrusive I was when I arrived and found him seated at my desk.

The editorial staff of *The Gazette* had broken the back of their work about noon; then they were free for the amenities. On the second day of my editorship a youth with curly hair, a slight figure, wearing pince-nez over his shy, observant eyes, slouched into my room and stood looking at me quizzically.

"I'm Steevens," he said; "I thought that the editor of *The Budget* would be an elderly man with a long white beard."

Lest I may be tempted to overpraise G. W. Steevens, the most lovable and scholastically the most distinguished youth of his day, I will quote what Henley said of Steevens in the memoir he wrote for the "Memorial Edition" of his works. "There was lost in George Steevens as fine a spirit, as rare and as completely trained a brain, and as brave a heart as we had to show."

Cust and Steevens were the life of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the others, Iwan-Muller and Marriott-Watson, shone steadily; Cust and Steevens were the flashlights. It was their audacity, their fun, and their pens that made *The Pall Mall Gazette* the liveliest journal of the day. Often, I am sure, Astor must have wondered what it all meant to him.

When the Cust control of *The Gazette* ended, in 1896, I think Alfred Harmsworth wisely engaged Steevens, at a princely salary, as special correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. From the literary standpoint, George Steevens made that journal, and when he died in Ladysmith of enteric fever Alfred Harmsworth was as near broken-hearted as a great journalist can be.

It was a black day for us all when the news came that George was dead. I rushed down to Merton

Phot. Hoyo

G. W. STEEVENS (STANDING) AND IWAN-MÜLLER

Abbey to condole with Mrs. Steevens. She was a remarkable woman, and had long forgiven us for trying to prevent her marriage to the youth. We failed; rightly. What week-ends those were when George was home from one of his end-of-the-world expeditions! I remember a talk on the lawn at Merton Abbey with George Gissing that showed me the kind of man he was—a white man, as they say; and I learnt, by inference, the cause of the cloud that encompassed him.

At Merton Abbey that black morning I found Mrs. Steevens, Mrs. Clifford, and Alfred Harmsworth, who had driven down in his new Mercédès car. They were in a very emotional condition; Alfred Harmsworth was sobbing and saying that he could never forgive himself for sending George to Ladysmith, and that the blow had destroyed his power to think and to work. So painful was the scene that I opened the French window and stepped out into the garden. By the long pond, I was surprised to find an interesting and rather fierce-looking man in khaki. I gave him what novelists call "an interrogatory look." He swelled and said, "I am Richard Harding Davis. Alfred wants me to take George's place in South Africa. He asked me to drive down here with him so that he could give me final instructions. Will he be long?"

It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "Alfred doesn't allow his grief to interfere with his plans," but I refrained.

We played the fool a good deal at the palatial offices in Charing Cross Road, and one day I said to Cust, "You fellows don't laugh at all of my jokes. Can you find me a new friend?" Cust threw something at me, and I retired.

A few days later one of the office boys knocked at my door: "Please, sir, Mr. Cust's compliments, and he 'ave found a new friend for you."

I hastened to Cust's gorgeous apartment facing Charing Cross Road, looking sometimes like a boudoir, with its bowls of beautiful flowers. A little man was sitting furtively on the sofa. I noticed his eyes at once. Like gimlets they seemed to be boring into life.

"Oh, Hind," said Cust, "this is H. G. Wells who does the Uncle Conversation things for us. You might have a talk with him."

H. G. Wells returned with me to my room. We had a long talk; towards the end of it I said, "Mr. Wells, I believe you could write stories. I want some for *The Budget*. Send me in a few; we'll call them *Single Sitting Stories*."

For months he sent them, sometimes two a week. That was the beginning of H. G. as story-writer.

In the preface to his collection of stories, called *The Country of the Blind*, he writes: "It was my friend, Mr. Lewis Hind (the only time he has ever addressed me as Mister), who set that spring going. He urged me to write short stories for *The Pall Mall Budget*, and persuaded me by his simple and buoyant conviction that I could do what he desired. Mr. Hind's indicating finger had shown me an amusing possibility of the mind."

With Wells I always associate Conrad, due, I suppose, to the afternoon we spent, years ago, on the sands at Sandgate, Kent. I was staying with Wells at his Voysey house on the cliff; Conrad had come over from his inland farmhouse, where he was writing *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. We talked shop, and threw stones into the sea, trying to hit a bobbing bottle. It was a marvel to me then, and always has been, how so un-English a man in temperament, looks, and utterance as Conrad should be able to write such perfect English. Fancy an Englishman composing perfectly in Polish; but there were no frontiers to Conrad's heart and brain. That afternoon he dug his fists into the sand, I remember, and said, "Ah, if only I could write zee English, good, well! But you see, you will see."

We have seen.

The last time I saw Conrad was at a rehearsal of

his play, *The Secret Agent*, a few winters ago. We sat together. His epithets, I decided, were intensity, naïveté, and surprise. He could not understand why the company did not *act* at a rehearsal. Fundamentally, he was a very simple, pure in heart, man.

We published Kipling's "Jungle Book" in *The Budget*, with delightful illustrations by Cecil Aldin. I remember the glee with which I read the MSS. one night at the Swan Inn, Thames Ditton. I went there because I wished to be alone with Kipling's genius. And I remember the day when Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) came to the office, all frills, furbelows, scent, epigrams, and kindness, with the first chapters of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," which Edmund Sullivan illustrated; but she belongs to a later period, *The Academy* days.

And the artists? I persuaded Beardsley to work for *The Budget*. He was immensely tickled at doing "news drawings," and highly amused at my report describing how violently Leslie, the manager, disliked his work; but Leslie soon learnt that many people talked of *The Pall Mall Budget* because Beardsley worked for it. And Phil May? He was one of the six artists who did a page a week. The journalistic photographer had hardly then begun his juggernaut career. Phil May, for a

domestic reason, preferred to be paid in cash. Each Friday I would pour into his hands ten bright sovereigns, and later, from the window, I would watch him distributing them to needy friends. Phil was not a great conversationalist! I can remember nothing of his talk except his repetitive, "Have a drink?" "Have a cigar?"

We were, I think, the first weekly journal to introduce colour—"the three-colour process." Dudley Hardy was one of the victims, G. R. Halkett one of the instigators. It is a wonder that our colour reproductions were as good as they were, as we went to press on Tuesday and published on Friday.

Expense? There were the four cases of colour reproductions that we shipped from Paris, and gave away as supplements to *The Budget*. The bill was awful, but not worse than the bill for a special report of the America Cup race for *The Gazette*. Astor liked such costly experiences. We acquiesced; but I knew that the day of reckoning must come. Still it was great fun—and profitable. One day Cust asked me to edit *The Pictures of the Year*, a matter of three evenings' work, which I was willing to do without payment. "You must have a fee," said Cust. I, inwardly elated, murmured something about a few pounds. "That isn't a fee," he cried; "take a hundred guineas."

We were a kind of family, often together outside the office. There were the daily lunches—long ones—at Solferino's; there were expeditions. Ah, that jaunt to Eastbourne where Henley was of the party! Soon after we arrived Cust went to a wine shop and bought every bottle with a pretty shape; and I remember a midnight editorial staff dip in the sea, and a drive to Pevensey, where I made a joke which delighted my learned companions. They—Cust, Iwan-Muller, and George Steevens—were on high classical stilts that afternoon, and racked their brains, half in fun, half in earnest, to find apt, unhackneyed Latin and Greek quotations and comments. Presently George Steevens said, "You're very quiet, Hind. Aren't you well?" "Not very," I replied, "I'm suffering from opsimathy."

Harry Cust, the man, lives joyously in our memories; his published "Works" are *Occasional Poems*, edition of 450 copies. It was John Morley, when he was editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, who introduced the heading "Occasional Notes" for the lesser editorial comments; it was Harry Cust who dropped into them a poem, often one of his own heart cries; it was Barber, the troubled, exuberant head printer, in a white apron, who called them "Occ. Notes" and "Occ. Poems." When I was two inches or so short in a column of *The*

Budget, Barber would say, "Don't trouble to write a 'fit par,' sir. Put in one of Mr. Cust's 'Occ. Poems.' He'll like it."

As I have indicated, things happened suddenly and oddly in the 'Nineties. One morning in 1895 I received a letter from Mr. Astor's solicitor informing me that the publication of *The Pall Mall Budget* was to cease; that the next issue must be the last. I wrote a letter in reply saying only, "I am resigned," which I have always been sorry I did not send. And I am sorry that I did not publish the frontispiece to the last issue which Raven Hill drew at my instigation—a very small child, in a white pinafore, watching some workmen taking down the gilt "Pall Mall Budget" sign from the front of the offices, and saying, "Lor!!"

Why Mr. Astor stopped *The Pall Mall Budget* I never learnt. As good a reason as any was that given by my friend, Clement K. Shorter. "A mere whim!" said C.K.S. And Dr. Robertson Nicoll, to whom it was said, replied, looking very wise, "Eh-h, mon!"

I was more than resigned—I was glad. For, in spite of the fun and the excitement, the job had begun to be tedious, and I wanted to go to St. Ives, in Cornwall, and paint. Thither I went, after some heady traffic with *The New Budget*, Harry Furniss's child, of which I tell in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX

HARRY FURNISS AND "THE NEW BUDGET": AND THE FOUNDATION OF "LIKA JOKO"

THE whole, wild, doomed-to-failure affair of *The New Budget* came back to me when I saw in the papers in January 1925 that versatile, vital, untiring, unconquerable, quarrelsome Harry Furniss had died, suddenly, at the age of seventy, full of schemes and plans to the last. He even, during his latter years, took the cinema in his short quick stride.

Harry Furniss and I were not intimates—indeed, we were usually at loggerheads in the hectic weeks when he was proprietor of *The New Budget* and I was editor. We did not get on well together, but I liked his fun and stories. I liked the twinkle in his eyes when he slapped his chest and described himself as "a podgy little man," and he liked me when, at a Royal Academy press view, I suggested to him that he should caricature in *Punch* Leighton's picture called "Flaming June" under the title of "Flaming Jane." He began the caricature at once,

saying, "Always tell me funny things when they occur to you."

What a man!

Before hinting of the astonishment of William Waldorf Astor, his secretaries and solicitors, and of Harry Cust (he roared with laughter after his first judicial outbreak of anger) when they found *The Pall Mall Budget* going on as usual after its "early death," I must say a few preparatory words about Harry Furniss, author of this amazing and amusing resuscitation.

He began to draw for *Punch* in 1880; he joined the staff in 1884. His ebullient personality quickly impressed itself upon *Punch*, which was then edited by F. C. Burnand, who made puns, and had "Happy Thoughts."

It was the period of the Japanese craze, and Harry Furniss, who was as alert as a bird, invented Lika Joko as a signature for a new kind of splashy Japanesy drawings. Country gentlemen would tell their neighbours at dinner that Lika Joko meant—"Like a Joke, oh—see?"

In 1894 Harry Furniss left *Punch*. I have forgotten the reason, but I remember that many people were sorry, for he had become an institution, like "Toby, M.P." *The Morning Post* referred to the "unfortunate severance," and said nothing more.

One of the sympathisers with "H. F." was an admiring northern capitalist. It was he who provided the capital for the new comic weekly called *Lika Joko*, edited by Harry Furniss, and it was no secret that the purpose of *Lika Joko* was "to cut out *Punch*." One more rival! Like the Celts, these rivals of *Punch* always went forth to battle, and always they failed. How *Lika Joko* fared I do not know, but it cannot have been prosperous, because when William Waldorf Astor astonished the journalistic world by stopping *The Pall Mall Budget*, Harry Furniss engaged me to carry it on, under the title of *The New Budget*, in which *Lika Joko* was absorbed, and became, in the twinkling of a week, merely the "humorous section."

And now I must ask the indulgent reader to imagine it is Thursday March 28, 1895, the day of the last issue of *The Pall Mall Budget*. I was seated in my room scanning our "Good-bye Number," just off the press, not mournful, because I was wondering how soon I could settle things up and start for Cornwall, when a letter was brought to me. It was marked "Urgent"; it was from an eminent firm of printers, and it invited me to call upon them immediately on pressing business.

I found the decorous members of the firm arranged around the room, somewhat startled, somewhat

flushed, for Harry Furniss was there in his most exuberant mood. He asked me if I would continue to edit *The Pall Mall Budget*, but under a different name. "What name?" I asked. By way of reply he handed me a copy of the "Good-bye Number," but with a slight, and to me, ridiculous alteration in the title. He had erased the double l in Pall, and the double l in Mall, so that it read *Pa Ma Budget*.

"What do you think of it?" he cried. "Isn't it a splendid title?" "No," I answered, "it's too silly for words; and besides, people might mistake it for the old *Pall Mall Budget*." At this I think one of the firm faintly smiled, and Harry Furniss, who was never beaten, because he always knew when he was beaten, cried—"What, then, would you call it?"

Without thinking, I replied, "*The New Budget*."

So the thing was settled, and I promised to engage the old staff of *The Pall Mall Budget*, and to have *The New Budget* ready by the following Thursday.

If Harry Furniss had given me time to think it over I should have said, "No," for it meant a postponement of the visit to Cornwall, and more ding-dong editorial work at the pleasantest time of the year. But the daring of the enterprise amused me, and I dramatised the astonishment of the journalistic

world—and also I knew what a boon *The New Budget* would be to many writers and artists who had suffered by the stopping of *The Pall Mall Budget*. And I wanted to see if a journal of that size and quality could be produced in a week. So I said "All right" to Harry Furniss, and he promised to have my agreement drawn up immediately, and Clarence Rook was to be my assistant as at *The Pall Mall Budget*, and the offices of *The New Budget* would be in Bedford Street, Strand, where *Lika Joko* had sported; and then came a solemn five minutes.

Lika Joko, the last number, was on the eve of going to press, and the inner staff of humorists was gathered around a table in another room of the establishment of the firm of eminent printers, polishing and adding jokes, and Harry Furniss invited me to see them and salute them. Or rather, I suppose, they who were about to die as an independent journal were to salute us—we who had been born again. It was complicated and embarrassing. Clarence Rook was with me when we entered the room and met the glum faces of the *Lika Joko* staff. Especially I remember the face of E. V. Lucas. It cannot be easy to be gay under such conditions, but the good humorist, I am told, can be humorous on a rack.

That night I went to the Meynell house, as it was my custom to take the tale of my journalistic adventures to "John Oldcastle," which was Wilfrid Meynell's pen-name. He approved, and lent me—generous man—twenty sheets or so of writing paper, and I wrote to the old *Pall Mall Budget* staff and asked them to "carry on," but to send their contributions to Bedford Street, not to Charing Cross Road. Not one failed me, and the following Thursday *The New Budget* appeared, incorporating *Lika Joko*.

Harry Cust said, "You might have told me." I shook my head. Surprise was the essence of the adventure; but the surprise quickly died down, and it was soon plain that the 'Nineties public did not particularly want the ingenious hybrid. And I was not happy as editor.

Harry Furniss was a most amusing companion at the Garrick Club or in his own house in Regent's Park, whither I went on two or three occasions in the early days of *The New Budget* to discuss "features and circulation." But I cannot remember any of our conversations; all I can recall are his athletic performances on an Indoor Horse, made of wood and leather, costly, which was then the vogue. The invention had all the disadvantages of horse-riding without any of the advantages.

"Good for the liver," Harry Furniss would cry; then he would hoist himself upon the wooden and leather steed, and make it trot and gallop fiercely, uttering cries of delight when he was not brushing the perspiration from his brow. On those occasions I liked him immensely.

But at the office our relations, as the weeks passed, were not friendly. We could not agree. Although our rooms adjoined, with a door between, a time came when we would send each other derisive letters by the hand of the office-boy. He was difficult, so was I. By June my position had become untenable, and we arranged to part, lawyers assisting. Clarence Rook took my place. Later, Harry Furniss edited *The New Budget*, which I suppose was what he meant to do from the beginning. Did it last the year? I think not; but I was in Cornwall when *The New Budget*, with *Lika Joko* as a "humorous section," ceased to be, and in the Delectable Duchy one does not bother about journals' uprising or downgoing.

At St. Ives I painted badly, but persistently, little dreaming that in a few months—to be precise, in the spring of 1896—I should be recalled to London to edit *The Academy*.

I have not a copy of *The New Budget* by me; but I have the last issue of *The Pall Mall Budget*, with

ART CRITICS OF 1892

From the Art Journal

the following cryptic announcement printed on the first page, under Lewis Baumer's picture of a young woman saying "Good-bye" to the world or to her sweetheart: "With the issue of this day, Thursday, March 28, 1895, the publication of *The Pall Mall Budget*, in its present form, ceases." It was odd that I should have had an instruction to include the words, "in its present form."

What a good number it was—two stories by H. G. Wells, "The Remarkable Case of Davidson's Eyes" and the Moth tale; a "Fleet Street Eclogue: May-Day," by John Davidson; drawings by Phil May, F. H. Townsend, Raven Hill, Greiffenhagen, and two pictures in two colours —wonderful how the printers did it in the time— by G. D. Armour.

And I have a framed picture inscribed "*Pall Mall Budget* Wake," which the staff presented to me at a cheerful farewell supper. Portraits of the artists, drawn by themselves, which became less precise as the evening advanced, run around the margin, and down the centre are the signatures of the literary staff.

Volatile, vital, amusing, and delightful—if you did not cross him—Harry Furniss is not included. With all his gifts waiting for my admiration, the most vivid memory I have of him is when he was

on the back of that Indoor Horse—it creaking, he shouting.

He was quite happy then : much happier surely than when *The New Budget* and I were on his back.

The New Budget was an interlude. But before telling how I went to Cornwall to paint, and how I was recalled from that delightful occupation to edit *The Academy*, I must devote a chapter to the magazine that was the absolute expression of the 'Nineties—*The Yellow Book*.

CHAPTER X

AUBREY BEARDSLEY AND "THE YELLOW BOOK"

THE literary editor of *The Yellow Book* was Henry Harland, the art editor was Aubrey Beardsley, and John Lane planned, fathered, and brothered that uncommon, smart, yellow quarterly, a novelty in the 'Nineties, and a challenge to Philistia.

It was supposed to be naughty, but it wasn't. I have just been looking through the first six numbers, from April 1894 to July 1895. No. 1 contains contributions by Henry James, William Watson, John Davidson, George Saintsbury, Richard Garnett, Edmund Gosse, Max Beerbohm, Henry Harland, Arthur Waugh, and Arthur Christopher Benson. The pictures were, among others, by Leighton, Charles Furse, W. Rothenstein, Laurence Housman, Walter Sickert, and Anning Bell—all conformable, respectable, superior people.

Why, then, was *The Yellow Book* objectionable to the rectory public? The reason was that youth of genius—with an evil bark and an innocuous bite—Aubrey Beardsley. He *was The Yellow Book*. His

pictorial parleyings with what the 'Nineties called the "improper" (really quite harmless) made it talked about, gave it vogue. He designed a different skittish cover for each number, front and back, and four times a year we all turned the pages of the new *Yellow Book* for the Beardsleys; and when there was no Beardsley, as sometimes happened when he was ill, how blank that issue was!

One is permitted to like or dislike the Beardsley themes. Actually I dislike some of them, but no one can deny the genius of his technique, the loveliness and cuteness of his decoration, and the macabre spirit of his invention. In that first issue of *The Yellow Book*, how delightful it is too look again at "L'Education Sentimentale," "Night Piece," the portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the Propert Book Plate.

Beardsley set a fashion in a dark and diabolical kind of female allure; the Beardsley smartly degenerate woman became a 'Nineties craze, and Aubrey chuckled, intensified his larky pose, and bought himself those red slippers with the turned-up toes, and drew his curtains on sunny days, to work by tall candles. As an artist he was always grimly in earnest and grimly conscientious. "Aubrey," said Whistler to him one day towards the end, "I have made a very great mistake—you are a very great artist." And the boy burst into tears.

Photo. F. H. Evans

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

(The border is by Beardsley)

He set a fashion. Scores of lesser men imitated him, but no one came anywhere near the strength, vigour, and decision of the Beardsley line, or to his unerring decorative sense. Forgeries abound to-day. I was invited to an exhibition of "Beardsleys" in an American city. Joe Pennell came in, gave a hasty look, and fled. "Mr. Pennell doesn't like them!" said the perturbed proprietor to me. "Like them!" I cried. "He doesn't even consider them. They're too silly even to be taken seriously."

Beardsley fraternised happily with his co-editor, Henry Harland, as he fraternised happily with everybody. Vivid Henry Harland, a consumptive, was marked for an early death. Like Watteau and others, he crowded two days' work into one. Success came to him with *The Cardinal's Snuff-box* and other delightful stories; but in *The Yellow Book* days he had hardly come to the front as novelist. He lived in a flat in the Cromwell Road, and there on Saturday evenings, in the big room, he liked to entertain his staff and friends. Henry James had a way of dropping in, "just for the space of one moment or so, my dear Harland, for I am mortally unwell to-night." James was always the lion. Massive and bland, he would sit surrounded by his admirers, affecting to be upset by Harland's wild rushes from one guest to another, talking to each rapidly,

huskily, and intermittently drinking gallons of milk.

The latest issue of *The Yellow Book* would be upon a table. I used to look at Harland and Beardsley, wondering which would die first.

The last time I saw Henry Harland was at the Mitre Hotel, Hampton Court, the year he passed away, 1905. He had gone there with his devoted wife, to sit for days in the sun by the river. He was so thin it was painful to look at him, but his talk was as fierce and as volatile as ever.

Beardsley's career belongs entirely to the 'Nineties. He died at the age of twenty-six, in 1898.

One writes about these things with composure now; one becomes inured to the vicissitudes of existence, merely wondering sometimes why one is taken and another left. Beardsley and Harland certainly drew from life all it had to offer them.

It was Ford Madox Hueffer who introduced me to Henry James when we were living at Winchelsea. He walked me over to Lamb House, Rye, where Henry James lived. I see this great American now, reclining on summer afternoons in a low chair in his walled garden, reading the latest French novel; or one would *hear* him dictating to his typewriter operator, who was placed behind a screen. "I conceal her, my dear friend, as a protection against—er—a possible temperament."

HENRY HARLAND

From the sketch portrait by Aubrey Beardsley, reproduced from 'The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley' (The Bodley Head).

When I knew Henry James better—and to know him was to love him—I asked permission to bring two ladies to tea. The conversation flagged; we were all a little shy. To ease the strain, I praised his canary. Whereupon Henry James unclouded his dome brow and said, "Yes, yes, the little creature sings his song of adoration each morning with—er—the slightest modicum of encouragement from me."

A few months later a friend said to me, "I've been staying with Henry James. Your name cropped up." He said, "Lewis Hind—oh, yes—he brought two females to see me last summer"; then, reflectively, "One of the wantons had a certain languorous grace."

I liked to put posers to this ripe and delightful man, because he would bring his intellect to bear solemnly upon anything. A weekly journal called *The Pelican* had instituted a competition to decide, by the votes of its readers, which was the most attractive burlesque actress. I bought the issue containing a page of the prize beauties, purposing to enjoy them pictorially in the train going to Winchelsea. Henry James was in the carriage. After a few remarks about the weather, I handed him *The Pelican*, saying, "What do you think of these, sir?"

He examined each prize beauty, carefully, then folded the paper and handed it back to me, saying, "My dear friend, life is so crowded with various

and conflicting interests that I am obliged rigorously to curtail my field of vision."

I saw more of this notable man in the early days of the war; it engrossed, hurt, and probably killed him. In appreciation of England's effort, he became a British subject. He called us "that decent and dauntless race."

John Davidson's "A Ballad of a Nun" appeared in Volume III. of *The Yellow Book*. That, I suppose, with William Watson's "Hymn to the Sea" in Volume V., were the two most-quoted poems from *The Yellow Book's* nest of singing birds. "A Ballad of a Nun" provoked Owen Seaman's "A Ballad of a Bun," through which he was invited by John Lane to become a Bodley Head author.

John Davidson had a hard life and a tragic end. His fine brain was disturbed by megalomania; he brooded darkly, incensed because the world would not take him at his own valuation. We met often at the old Hogarth Club. One conversation I remember well—on suicide. I thought that he was discussing it as an intellectual exercise. Lionel Johnson, a wraith of a man, the gentlest of souls, hovered around us that evening smiling his enigmatic smile, amused at our vehemence. In the 'Nineties we used to quote, thinking it fine and daring, from "A Ballad of a Nun":

ARTHUR SYMONS

From the painting by Jacques E. Blanche, reproduced from 'Arthur Symons' by T. Earle Welby, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. A. M. Philpot Ltd.

I care not for my broken vow,
Though God should come in thunder soon;
I am sister to the mountains now,
And sister to the sun and moon.

Also we used to roll out from William Watson's "Hymn to the Sea":

Now while the vernal impulsion makes lyrical all that hath language,
While through the veins of Earth, riots the ichor of spring. . . .

Ambitious youth of those days—their elders, too—was as eager to appear in *The Yellow Book* as in *The National Observer*. I crept into *The Yellow Book*, Volume VIII., with a story, "The Enchanted Stone" ("Not bad," said Harland; Beardsley smiled); the paper preceding my story was one of Kenneth Grahame's charming "Dream Days" studies. He was then secretary of the Bank of England, and made quite a reputation with his mature memories of childhood. It seemed strange to have a pillar of finance in our uneconomic set.

Among the story writers were Mené Muriel Dowie, who was famous early with her book, *A Girl in the Karpathians*; George Egerton—do you remember the "Keynote" series?—Hubert Crackanthorpe, who was occasionally regarded as a young man with a future; Evelyn Sharp, and Ella D'Arcy. I am in Miss D'Arcy's debt. She

introduced me to the Post Impressionist movement in painting—not with intent. About 1910 I met her at tea in a dear little Cranford kind of cottage on a knoll above the Thames. She had just returned from Paris, and was so eloquent in describing her disgust at the pictures by Matisse and others that she had seen at Madame Stein's that I went to Paris the next week, and was so impressed and entertained that I began there and then to write in praise of Post Impressionism.

Arthur Symons's poem, "Stella Maris," appeared in Volume I., and aroused the ire of P. G. Hamerton; he regretted that "the younger poets make art independent of morals." Hamerton had been asked to criticise Volume I. of *The Yellow Book* in Volume II. We were promised a criticism of the drawings also, but it was never done. Only one man could have criticised *The Yellow Book* drawings —Aubrey Beardsley himself. I do not think that "Stella Maris" did anybody harm. Later, Arthur Symons edited *The Savoy* with Beardsley, but that publication was an Alexander's heir.

A light-horseman of the period was Richard Le Gallienne, a beautiful youth in those days, with an aureole of hair and a very pretty talent for verse and prose. He wrote *The Religion of a Literary Man*, whereupon Barry Pain produced *The Religion of a*

Cabdriver. I was with the Sphinx (see *Prose Fancies*, Volume VIII.) the evening she first met Richard. He was lecturing at the Playgoers' Club, and the Sphinx, who sat by my side, was much impressed. I do not wonder. Richard Le Gallienne was a charming youth with winning ways; quite a figure in the literary world of the 'Nineties, and he had a knack of saying bright, sentimental things that captivated many. We lived in Chancery Lane, in adjoining buildings. When the Oscar Wilde *débâcle* came I said something that pleased and impressed Le Gallienne. I said, "Oscar Wilde was drowned in his own shallows."

Le Gallienne disappeared. We lost sight of him.

In 1920 I was present at a *séance* in New York where a corpulent man, said to be a medium, went to sleep in an armchair on the platform and told us the numbers of our watches and bits of our past lives. I was amused and bored. But a man in front of me, erect, with short, crisp, iron-grey hair, who looked like a prosperous banker, was evidently much impressed. Something in the shape of his head seemed familiar, but I could not place him.

When the *séance* was over I confronted him.

He stared. I stared.

Suddenly I said, "Richard Le Gallienne!"

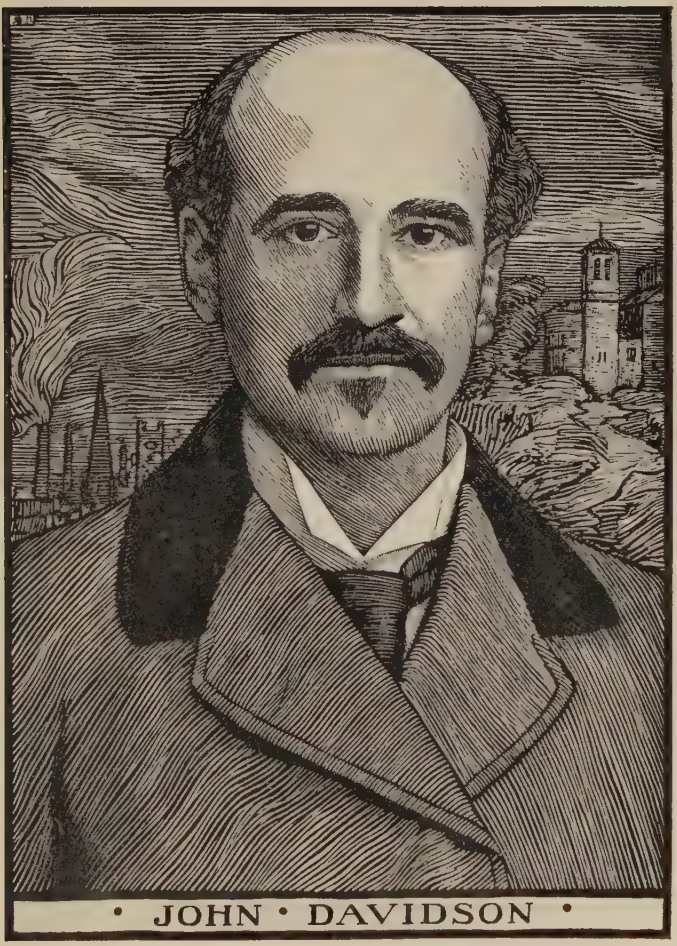
"Lewis Hind," he cried. "Oh, God, the old days!"

CHAPTER XI

JOHN LANE AND SOME OF HIS AUTHORS

THE sad event of this Chapter, the death of my old friend, John Lane, set me thinking about some of the other Bodley Head writers; and although his death happily came many years later, early in February, 1925, it seems fitting that this chapter should follow my memories of *The Yellow Book*.

Let me begin with a night at the Rhymers' Club, where I first met Ernest Dowson. The meeting was held on this occasion—not in an upper room of the Cheshire Cheese, not in the semi-literary tavern near Leicester Square, "a pub between two stage-doors," but in the drawing-room of the highly respectable house of Dr. John Todhunter in Bedford Park. He was a kind of sedate father of the Rhymers' Club, and that meeting in his house, at any rate, was dull and decorous. Most of the poets talked most of the time with articulated precision about quantitative equivalents, and, with the exception of courteous Dr. Todhunter, no one



From a woodcut by Robert Bryden in 'Poets of the Younger Generation' by William Archer (The Bodley Head)

seemed to notice the guest of the evening—Francis Thompson. We—that is, Vernon Blackburn and I—had brought him there by special request. I wish the meeting had been held at that "pub between two stage-doors." Bedford Park seemed to awe those tame young poets. Francis Thompson sat next to Ernest Dowson, but I did not see them speak to one another. The 'Nineties poets were often like that—remote, shy, aloof.

Ernest Dowson frequented "cabmen's shelters" as a "sensation"; such harbourages were natural to Francis Thompson. Oh, and Lionel Johnson was also at the Rhymers' Club meeting; another silent man. His twitching face was always watching and smiling. And I think Arthur Symons was there too; he who has written so solemnly and touchingly about Ernest Dowson. The 'Nineties poets took themselves seriously. "I used to think he [Ernest Dowson] was always at his best in a cabmen's shelter," is one of the reflective, well-thought-out sentences of Arthur Symons.

We went home in a group from Bedford Park, and somebody asked me (I think I was regarded as a kind of capitalist) about H. D. Lowry, who was doing fine work for *The Morning Post* under the encouragement of the editor, Nicol Dunn, one of Henley's "young men."

H. D. Lowry was of Cornish Methodist stock, and out of that harsh repressed environment he produced tender little songs which had a vogue, and were set to music by Liza Lehmann and others. Lowry, like Dowson, had a lasting infatuation for a young creature; he, too, liked the tavern, but Lowry's verse never lost its innocence. Here is the end of one of his poems:

> Now that my love lies sleeping,
> There's neither good nor bad.
> I gave into her keeping
> Everything I had.

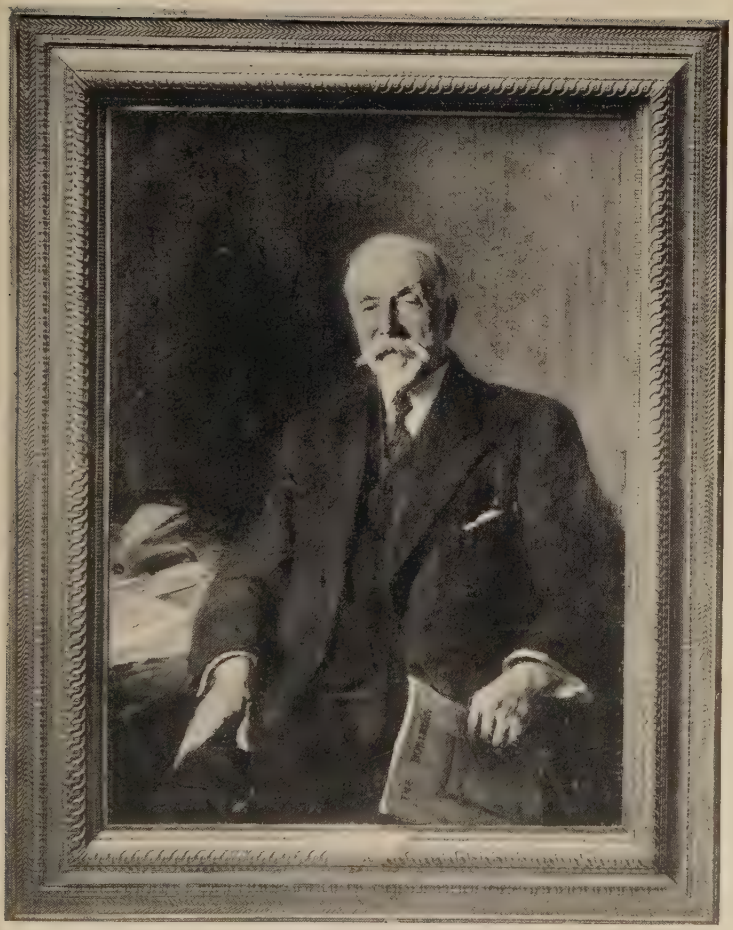
Years passed. I was reading in the book from which the above poem is taken; it is called *The Hundred Windows*, by H. D. Lowry. I was reading—

> I have a dream—that some day I shall go
> At break of dawn adown a rainy street,
> A grey old street, and I shall come in the end
> To the little house I have known, and stand; and you
> Mother of mine . . .

Thus far had I read when someone came into the room and said quietly, "They have just telephoned through from Vigo Street to say that John Lane died peacefully last night."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" I cried, and threw myself back upon the pillows.

For I, like my old friend, John Lane, had been



JOHN LANE

From the picture by Ernest L. Ipsen, A.N.A

sent to bed with influenza, and at about the same time. To-day I am well and he is gone.

I write of this now because John Lane, of all the publishers I have known, was the one about whom the 'Nineties movement in art and literature centred, and it was strange, it was a reversion to the 'Nineties drama, that my old friend should pass away just when I was recalling those days. The last letter I had from him was one thanking me for suggesting that his firm should publish Arthur Severn's *Reminiscences*, with whom lately I had been having some delightful talk. Mr. Arthur Severn astonished me by the vigour of his recollections of the youngish Ruskin and of the young Millais. John Lane, I knew, could produce from his wealth of pictorial treasures pages of illustrations for the volume. He planned to show them to me ; we would go over them together.

And I had sent him an advance proof of a curious find, an article about to appear in *John O'London's Weekly*, containing a reprint of Aubrey Beardsley's contribution to *Tit-Bits*, which the world seemed to have forgotten until the publication of *An Aubrey Beardsley Lecture*, from the private press of Mr. R. A. Walker in Bedford Park. How Bedford Park pursues the 'Nineties !

I dropped upon the Beardsley *Tit-Bits* trail in

a letter Aubrey wrote to Mr. King in January, 1890, when he was eighteen years of age. After describing his ill-health, he continues, " I have been doing a little writing. My first attempt has been successful, *vide* ' The Story of a Confession Album ' in *Tit-Bits*. They sent me £1 10*s*. for it."

" The Story of a Confession Album " is a pretty little thing, not unlike the stories that *The Humorist* prints as advertisements.

And I had gone to John Lane's house to read aloud to him an Essay I had written for *The Uncollected Work of Aubrey Beardsley*. He told me that the night before he had met Walter Sickert, and Sickert had said that he had given Beardsley his first and last lesson in painting, and that Beardsley's incursion into oil, now in the Tate Gallery, had been done in Sickert's studio under Sickert's fatherly eyes. So this was incorporated in my Essay, and I speak of it now to show what a personal interest John Lane took in the books which bore his imprint, especially when they dealt with a past day. For although very much a man of actuality, keenly alive to the shifting lights of the present, his heart was much in the past; he loved old things—pictures, prints, miniatures, silver, glass, anything that time had hallowed.

That evening, after I had finished reading my

Essay on Beardsley, we were conveyed in Dr. Pritchard's motor-car and driven through the fog to the Huguenot Hospital or Hostel at Hackney, of which John Lane was a governor It was a Quarterly Court Dinner—old silver, old furniture, old dishes, old wines, old toasts, old aspirations, old friends. John Lane was quite happy that evening; he beamed. The Huguenot stock in him responded to every thought and gesture.

The others, after that happy evening, went their ways. I accompanied John Lane to Victoria, as he was taking a late train to Brighton. That was the last time I saw my old friend, and his last words to me were, "You gave me Arthur Severn's address, didn't you? I'll write to him to-morrow from Brighton. That will make a delightful book. We must meet soon and talk about it." Then he went to his train, and I into the fog, thinking of the Huguenots, and of young Millais, and of Arthur Severn, driving with Ruskin in a post-chaise over the Yorkshire moors, and Ruskin insisting on playing chess because he did not like the scenery.

Can you wonder that I paused, and broke off, when they came into my room and told me that John Lane was gone? For, as I have said, he went through all the 'Nineties fun and trouble, and pulled many of the strings, and founded *The Yellow Book*,

and made poetry popular, and taught many what a beautiful book is like, and nursed reputations, and worked for his authors because he liked what they wrote, and because he was a publisher of genius. I knew, because when I was editing *The Academy* he would appear, at regular and irregular intervals, with a new author in his pocket, and his transparent air of mystery; and I would say, "Is it a he or a she, and is it a genius?" or words to that effect. And he would smile and produce the slim book, and whisper what Professor So-and-So had said about it. And I would smile, for we had known each other, ah me! before the year 1888, when he issued his first book, a volume of verse by Richard Le Gallienne called *Volumes in Folio*. It must have been in the winter of 1887 when John Lane told me at the old Hogarth Club that he was "going to start publishing," and tapped his black bag, which no doubt contained the Le Gallienne manuscript.

The partnership with Elkin Mathews did not last very long—a few years only. Each wanted his own way, and the artist in each was strong.

Soon the young reputations of the 'Nineties were flocking to the Bodley Head. I began to read Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell under that imprint. Arnold Bennett's first two books, *A Man From the North* and *Journalism for Women*,

were published by John Lane; so was H. G. Wells' first work, *Conversations With an Uncle*; so was Maurice Hewlett's *Pan and the Young Shepherd*.

As for the poets, they brooded there—William Watson, Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, and many others, but John Lane was not William Watson's first publisher. There were so many that I could fill the rest of this page merely with their names and their books. In the Bodley Head parlour I first made the acquaintance of Francis Coutts (his pen name), who in after years became Lord Latymer, a dear man who loved poetry better than anything, and who worked at it so single-heartedly. But in the very early days Richard Le Gallienne was the Bodley Head pet. I remember what thought and care John Lane gave to Le Gallienne's volume, *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*. This book, and Henley, in *The Athenæum*, started the younger 'Nineties folk worshipping Meredith. And the artists one met at the Bodley Head—D. Y. Cameron, Wilson Steer, William Strang, Will Rothenstein—ah, those were days!

It was Stephen Phillips who unconsciously, and John Lane who consciously, set me rummaging in my memory for "Impressions of the 'Nineties."

In 1917 John Lane asked me to write an Introduction to a series of remarkable pictures that Miss

Stella Langdale had done to illustrate Stephen Phillips's " Christ in Hades." I was asked to write this Introduction because in 1897, when I was editor of *The Academy*, we had " crowned," accompanied by a cheque of one hundred guineas, Stephen Phillips's volume of *Poems*, which included " Christ in Hades."

My Introduction grew and grew. Proof after proof came, revise after revise. It developed into a running comment on my share in the literary and artistic activities of the 'Nineties ; and when the book was published I was somewhat ashamed to find that of the ninety-seven pages in the slim volume, sixty-seven of them were taken up with my Introduction. Stephen Phillips never had any luck ; but he was a fine poet.

Yes, he had luck—John Lane was his publisher.

The firm has grown and prospered. Partners now manage the various departments. They, and we, and poets, and writers, and artists, can never pass the door in Vigo Street, or walk up Albany Courtyard, without thinking of, and missing, John Lane.

CHAPTER XII

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES AND "THE ACADEMY"

I HAVE hinted, more than once, that in the 'Nineties things happened unexpectedly. In those days such surprises seemed normal.

It was the late spring of 1896. I had finished with *The Pall Mall Budget* and *The New Budget* and had gone to St. Ives, Cornwall, to paint, having been introduced to that haven of happiness by Moffat P. Lindner. There I worked for a time under Julius Olsson, and occasionally Arnesby Brown showed me how to make a cow on canvas appear lifelike. Pray do not misunderstand me. I am no Michael Angelo, no Paul Potter even. I painted because I thought that it would help me to write about art with more authority, and because I loved doing it. Painting is the only diversion that has ever made me forget my meals. I purposed spending a year at St. Ives, writing in the morning, painting in the afternoon, and talking in the evening.

Suddenly this pleasant purpose was blasted—unexpectedly, amazedly. Remember, it was the 'Nineties.

One morning I received a letter from London,

signed John Morgan Richards, who was an American, living in Lancaster Gate, with offices on Holborn Viaduct, where he conducted a flourishing pioneer Advertisement business. Wealthy, handsome, kind-hearted, he was the father of Pearl Craigie, who had made a literary reputation under the signature of John Oliver Hobbes.

The letter was straight and to the point. It said "Dear Mr. Lewis Hind, if you wish to return to journalism, I shall be pleased to purchase a weekly journal for you to edit, or, if you prefer it, I will provide the capital for you to start a new one."

I sighed—packed my bag. I was quite happy at St. Ives; but youth must follow its star.

When I arrived in London, I called upon Wilfrid Meynell, as usual, and showed him the letter. We went that afternoon to the Isthmian Club, and scattered the weekly publications upon the table. I tapped *The Academy* and said: "That's my choice."

Later, when I narrated this to John Lane, he said, "You're in luck, *The Academy* is in the market."

I saw the proprietor of *The Academy*, Mr. Villiers; I saw the editor, the learned and courteous Mr. Cotton (I skip the roughnesses of the interviews); I reported to John Morgan Richards, who said, "Admirable," his favourite expression. Within a week he had purchased *The Academy*, had made

Photo. Mina Whiting

WILFRED WHITTEN ('JOHN O' LONDON')

me part-proprietor and editor, and we had taken offices on the ground floor of No. 43, Chancery Lane, opposite the gateway into Lincoln's Inn, on which Ben Jonson had worked as bricklayer (so Cotton told me).

E. V. Lucas and Wilfred Whitten joined the editorial staff, and on November 14, 1896, we published the first issue of the new series. For seven years I was editor—then in 1903 I resigned and returned to St. Ives to write and paint. Teignmouth Shore stepped into the editorial chair, and Wilfred Whitten, looking up from a proof said: "Teignmouth Shore—why, I played there as a boy."

John Morgan Richards idolised his daughter, and I soon learnt that if I pleased her I pleased him. She was witty, accomplished, handsome, ambitious, and a dear. When we had tiffs I am sure that it was more my fault than hers. I became acquainted with Mrs. Craigie through a literary impulse, as I had become acquainted with Mrs. Meynell—impulse is a prettier word than cheek.

Her first book, *Some Emotions and a Moral*, by John Oliver Hobbes, was published in 1891, No. 8, I think, in Fisher Unwin's delightful Pseudonym Library. The manuscript was sent in on the chance, and Edward Garnett, who "read" for Fisher Unwin, told me that he was attracted to it by the beauty and clearness of the handwriting.

I was so moved by the wit and charm of *Some Emotions and a Moral* that I wrote to the author asking if I might call and compliment him in person. I addressed him as "Dear Sir," sustaining the pseudonym idea; but it was plain to me, reading between the lines of the book, that John Oliver Hobbes was a woman. In reply I received a feminine letter, signed Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, asking me to tea at her father's house, 56 Lancaster Gate.

When the footman directed me into the large and magnificent drawing-room which contained, among other luxuries, a life-size marble statue of Joan of Arc, I was somewhat astonished to observe standing upon the mantelpiece an immense placard inscribed with the question, "What would Jesus say?" Inexperienced in society customs, I was puzzled to see this kind of mantelpiece decoration in the dwelling of the author of *Some Emotions and a Moral*. When Pearl Craigie—quite a girl, prettily shy until she became intellectually excited—entered the room she found me gazing upon the placard, "Oh, that's mother's," she said quickly.

Mrs. John Morgan Richards was also a genius, an inspiriting woman, expansive in everything, but quite lacking her daughter's concentration, self-discipline, and ambition. Mr. and Mrs. Richards were pillars of the City Temple and great friends

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES (MRS. CRAIGIE)

of Dr. Parker's. He had known Pearl Craigie from childhood. When she was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1892 she took the names of Mary Teresa, and in writing to tell her old friend and pastor of the step she had taken, she signed herself Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie. In his reply, Dr. Parker signed himself Matthew Mark Luke John Parker.

Mrs. Craigie was an alert and helpful critic of *The Academy*. Sometimes we disagreed, as about the review of Thomas Hardy's "Pursuit of the Well-Beloved," but a call upon her at Lancaster Gate or Steephill Castle in the Isle of Wight, which her father purchased, made all smooth and smiling again. She wrote novels, plays, and poetical dramas; she was one of the brilliant figures of the 'Nineties; girls adored her, she should have been the *châtelaine* of a great political *salon*, but this fervid, restless spirit was called suddenly to rest when she was aged thirty-nine, and a light seemed to have gone out.

Our star writers on *The Academy* were Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson. And Arnold Bennett, who was then on the threshold of his ding-dong successful career.

Francis Thompson had no sense of time—or he didn't care. Press day or the day after publication were all one to him when he was immersed in mystical dreams. I ceased trying to make him

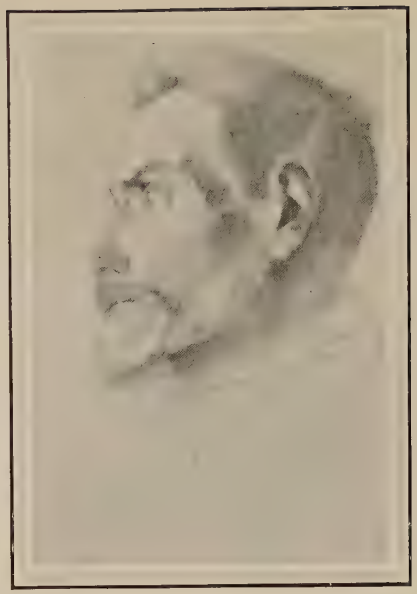
businesslike ; I forgave him his unpunctualities and evasions for the sake of his magnificent prose, and eased him from money complexities by sending his landlady a modest cheque each week and handing him a few shillings on account when he brought in a review. It was unwise to give him a larger sum. He was not unhappy ; he had his dreams. His chief regret was that his Muse had deserted him ; so when, on the morning after the death of Cecil Rhodes, I managed to lure him to the office and persuaded him that his Muse had not deserted him, and that he could write an " Ode on the Death of Cecil Rhodes " better than anybody else, he flushed, and his strange eyes sparkled.

He brought in the " Ode " on press day, hours late ; he fumbled in various pockets of his time-worn clothes for the bits of paper on which it was written, thanked me profusely when I gave him half-a-crown to purchase some dinner, and promised to return at 9 p.m. to read the proof. He arrived at ten, *exalté* with port and laudanum : he read the proof standing and swaying. When he had finished it he said, his enunciation a little blurred, " It's all right, Hind. No corrections."

I have a sheaf of letters from this lovable, exasperating man of genius, most of them explaining why he had not done this or that, and one affec-

Photo. Elliott and Fry

FRANCIS THOMPSON



FRANCIS THOMPSON

From a drawing by the Hon. Neville Lytton, October, 1907

tionately analysing my character and disposition, which I can hardly read to-day without tears.

It was difficult to handle Francis Thompson. Arnold Bennett handled himself and me, always, I admit, to the advantage of the paper. Ever punctual, ever efficient, I regarded Bennett as a man with a business brain who had adopted writing as a career, and who did it with the regularity and precision of a dynamo. I drew him to *The Academy* from *Woman*, which he was then editing, having first discovered that the admirable book column in that journal was by him, and that the feminine signature—May, or Mary, or something—was a ruse. Soon he demanded a fifty per cent. increase per thousand words, which I granted, for Bennett was Bennett, and indispensable. I knew, and he knew that in trafficking with literary journalism he was but marking time. His purpose was to be famous. He has told in the Preface to " The Truth About an Author " how that amusing and trenchant serial autobiography came to be published in *The Academy*. " What you want," he said to me one day, " is a sensational serial." " Yes," I replied, " I should like you to write your literary autobiography for us."

Stephen Phillips was less human and less approachable than Arnold Bennett. Vernon Black-

burn likened him to a bust on a Roman coin. It was *The Academy* that made his reputation as a poet—in this way.

I suggested to John Morgan Richards, in the autumn of 1897, that we should " crown " two new books of signal merit each year, and award to the authors 100 guineas and 50 guineas. Mr. Richards replied " Admirable," and wrote out a cheque. Mrs. Craigie exclaimed, " What a delightful idea ! "

After travail and groaning, in which Lucas and Whitten shared, we announced in the issue of January 15, 1898, that *The Academy* had awarded 100 guineas to Stephen Phillips for his *Poems*, and 50 guineas to W. E. Henley for his *Essay on Burns*. That night I dreamed that Henley had spurned the award on the ground that it was not his custom to play second fiddle to anybody. The morning brought relief. Henley wrote, " I am proud to be in the same boat as the author of ' Christ In Hades.' "

Maurice Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* and Joseph Conrad's *Tales of Unrest* were among the books we " crowned " in following years ; so we made some authors happy. After the award Maurice Hewlett called at the office in person, smiling his crooked smile. He was then, I think, still in the Record Office, living intellectually at the rate of thirty hours in the twenty-four, a charming man,

LIONEL JOHNSON

From a photograph taken at New College, Oxford, in 1889, reproduced from 'Lionel Johnson's Poetical Works' by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Elkin Mathews Ltd.

but difficult, with spaces of worried aloofness mingled with friendlinesses. I adored his writing, so perfervidly literary.

Hewlett was brisk and virile. Lionel Johnson was slow and feminine; he walked about like a cat. So quietly would he creep into *The Academy* office that I hardly knew he was there. I gave him the run of the books on the shelves; he would open one, dip into it, become immersed, and finally say, gently, "I should like to write about this."

Those were crowded and exciting days. I persuaded Bernard Shaw to write on "Ibsen," and H. G. Wells on "Habit and Instinct." We enraged Swinburne by including him in our British Academy of Letters, and T. W. H. Crosland threatened me with an action for libel on account of something Francis Thompson had said in a review of Crosland's *Poems*.

There were troubles, but he who edits a literary journal for seven years, passing quick judgments on the newest books, must expect troubles. There were joys too—meeting all kinds of distinguished people. Many of them I have not yet mentioned, so in the next chapter I will play around my memories of "Some Lions and Lesser Lions," ranging from isolated George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, and Coventry Patmore, to companionable Tom, Dick, and Harry.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME LIONS AND LESSER LIONS

SOMETIMES in the 'Nineties the great lingering men—the lions—stalked before me and roared, or were glum, according to their temperament. Shaggy Watts-Dunton in his loud, husky voice would invite the neophyte to Putney, for a midday dinner in a mid-Victorian room, with Swinburne. But that adventure has been once and for all—exquisitely, humorously—told by Max Beerbohm in *No. 2, The Pines.* Max was our dandy of the 'Nineties, although A. B. Walkley sometimes subtly remembered, when he arose in the morning, that he also had a wardrobe. But Max was the constant dandy in dress and deportment. His pose was weariness ; perhaps it was real. Once when I asked him what he was doing, he replied languidly, passing his clouded cane from one gloved hand to the other, "I am meditating a series of articles on 'The Brothers of Great Men'" —then a pause—"I shall probably begin with Herbert."

SOME PERSONS OF 'THE NINETIES' LITTLE IMAGINING, DESPITE THEIR PROPER PRIDE AND ORNAMENTAL ASPECT, HOW MUCH THEY WILL INTEREST MR. HOLBROOK JACKSON AND MR. OSBERT BURDETT

From the caricature by Max Beerbohm, reproduced from 'Observations' (1925) by permission of the artist and of the publishers, Messrs. Heinemann Ltd.

With Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree I had a curious interview in *The Academy* days, which told me something about the actor's attitude towards art and life. I have forgotten which Shaksperean play it was that caused the interview, but it was certainly one of Tree's star parts. E. K. Chambers, our excellent dramatic critic, did not approve of Tree's impersonation. He said so caustically in *The Academy*, and I passed it for press as just comment. The following week our office boy burst into my room, his eyes bulging—"Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is outside, sir; he wants to see you."

I guessed why Beerbohm Tree had taken the journey to Chancery Lane. Recalling editorial-room stories of the Far West, U.S.A., I said anxiously to myself, "I wonder if he has brought his gun."

No! He had a handsome cane, and a very curly, shiny silk hat, curlier and shinier than that worn by Arthur Roberts; but he did not use the cane. He was pathetic—that is the only word—he was pathetic, so was the interview. There was something he could not understand, and he said it over and over again, in various rich intonations; he could not understand why E. K. Chambers had written so unkindly about his acting "because, my dear sir, I have never done Mr. Chambers any harm!"

One memorable June evening I had nearly four hours of the company of George Meredith. It was Wilfrid Meynell who conveyed me to Flint Cottage, Boxhill, the invitation being for dinner, talk, and the last train. I went with some confidence, as we had just published in *The Academy* a flaming appreciation of Meredith's *Selected Poems*, probably by Hugh Chisholm, who was a great Meredithian. Frankly, I did not enjoy that dinner, except as a spectacle of a great man's prodigality of sarcasm and vitality of chaff. A youth, a relative, assuming connoisseurship, had said something sententious about the sherry. The master darted upon it and him ; throughout the dinner he never allowed that unfortunate remark to be forgotten ; whatever the trend of the conversation, he turned it with diabolical ingenuity to his young relative's knowledge of wine, and in the end we all felt as beaten and discomfited as the young relative. When Meredith's brain was working dazzlingly well, and he had a peg to hang his irony on, he could not, or would not, resist the temptation to explode his intellectual satirical fireworks.

Happily my memory holds a finer picture of Meredith than his devastating wit at that dinner-table. When Meynell and I arrived on that June evening he was still working in the Swiss châlet,

WILFRID MEYNELL, WITH HIS SON EVERARD
AND HIS GRANDSON

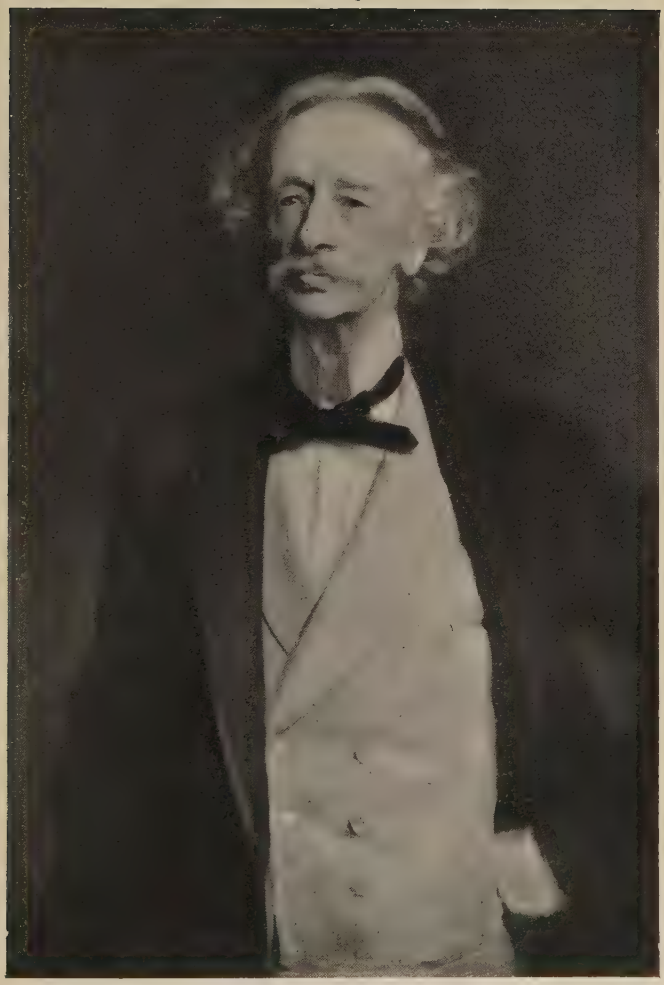
perched on an eminence in his garden. We secluded ourselves behind a hedge—and waited. Presently the châlet door opened and Meredith appeared clad in the white suit that he loved, with a large white sombrero hat upon his head. The sky had changed to a smoky opal, veiling the red disc of the sun, so that one could look at it without blinking. When Meredith saw the sun he swept off his hat, made a deep obeisance, and remained for a moment bending. So I see him now; so I shall always see him—man reverently saluting nature.

George Meredith seems to live in the light, Thomas Hardy in the shadows. Meredith was an optimist tingling with buoyancy, Hardy is a pessimist tinged with irony. That was a quiet, reflective autumn afternoon I spent at Max Gate, Dorchester, with Thomas Hardy, watching, in the gathering light, his sad, tired face, most gentle, most sweet, but alert as a bird's. An hour or so passed, and I was slowly encouraging him to talk, planning to persuade him to tell me why, after *Jude the Obscure*, he wrote no more novels, when Mrs. Hardy entered the room and said to me, "Oh, I do want to show you my water-colours." This was the former Mrs. Hardy, niece of Archdeacon Gifford, and I, who am weak in the presence of the nieces of archdeacons, followed her; so I never heard from the author of

Jude the Obscure why, after that supreme book, he wrote no more novels.

Coventry Patmore looked exactly like Sargent's wonderful portrait of him in the National Portrait Gallery. He was not a hail-fellow-well-met; he was an aristocrat in letters as in life, and he always gave me the idea that it was an honour to be in his presence. I played up to it. He could be very courteously brusque, and, shall I say, pedantically off-hand? Once Mrs. Meynell, he, and I sat for half-an-hour in her drawing-room, and hardly a word was uttered. It was a chilly afternoon; dear Mrs. Meynell was in her most withdrawing mood; her deep, dark eyes gazed pensively at the flicker of flame in the grate, and I wondered whether I dared rise to replenish the fire. Coventry Patmore sat erect in a high chair; it was plain to me that he was not in a gracious mood; indeed he looked as cross as a poet can be, and he must have been aware that Mrs. Meynell's deep thoughts were far away from the scanty fire, and from the disquietude of her distinguished guest. Presently Coventry Patmore arose and said in his deep, emphatic voice, "With your permission, Mrs. Meynell, I will procure my top-coat from the hall, and then return."

From another poet, a greater one—Robert Browning—I had a remarkable lesson in concentra-



COVENTRY PATMORE

From the portrait by John S. Sargent, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery

tion. It was December 10, 1887, or it may have been 1888; the occasion was the bi-annual address by Sir Frederick Leighton to the students of the Royal Academy at Burlington House. I was at the beginning of my literary career, and, of course, a hero-worshipper. When I crept into the lecture-room and saw Robert Browning stalking to his seat —"one who ever marched breast forward"—I determined to be near him, and was able to squeeze into the corner seat just behind the great man.

The subject of the address was Velasquez. Leighton was at the top of his most flowery and most flamboyant form. His rounded, honeyed periods soared and swayed in rhythmic sweeps. I lost his meaning, could not pin my mind to anything definite; the students shuffled and coughed; my neighbours looked at one another, and the looks meant half admiration, half despair; but Browning! Ah, there was my lesson in concentration! In an early stage of the address, when Leighton swept into a melodious, endless sentence, Browning clutched the lapel of his coat with his right hand, as if saying to himself, "I will hold firmly to something tangible." Thus he remained throughout the entire address, his eyes fixed on Leighton's handsome face, never wavering, his attention not once wandering, his

right hand ever grasping the reality of his coat tighter and tigher.

Years passed. Two other notable men—so different—passed before my wondering, admiring eyes —Mark Twain and Bret Harte. I met them at a large luncheon party given by Mrs. Halsey, who had a genius for collecting lions, and the gentlest, sweetest way of doing it. Mark Twain wore his white suit and his great mane of shaggy silver hair. At the conclusion of luncheon he said he was tired, dispirited, and could not speak. Mrs. Halsey cajoled her lion; finally he rose slowly to his feet, passed his hand wearily through his silver hair, and said, in his inimitable drawl, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Homer is dead, Dante is dead, Shakspere is dead, and I don't feel very well myself."

Opposite to me at that luncheon-table sat a fussy, rather fleshy, elderly dandy, who amused me when I looked at him—oh, because his hair was artfully curled, and the cut of his coat was tricky, and his moustache was waxed, and the nails of his plump hand were pink and manicured. I was looking at Mark Twain and the other celebrities most of the time—Sargent was there, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell—and I wondered which was Bret Harte, for he was one of my youthful heroes, and I still think his Californian stories have never been

equalled. I whispered to my neighbour, "Which is Bret Harte?" She indicated the elderly dandy opposite. I put down my knife and fork. I believe tears came into my eyes. I looked at his plump white hand, and said to myself, "Never mind! That manicured hand once wrote, in the far-off days in California, immortal things; it wrote of Miggles, and Stumpy, and Kentuck, and Mr. John Oakhurst, and Tennessee's Partner, and—and——"

He saw me staring at him with moist eyes of admiration. He seemed to like it. Never mind! O rare young Francis Bret Harte of young California, who came to old Europe and lost your inspiration!

And there was another American, an anti-sentimentalist, Stephen Crane, who died young. He made a great reputation as a youth with *The Red Badge of Courage*. That was before he had seen a battle. Some years later he was sent as correspondent to the Græco-Turkish war. His first words when he returned were, "*The Red Badge* is all right."

It was my luck to know him intimately, chiefly through an amazing three days and nights party at Brede Place, Sussex, which he had rented for a year or so. A play was performed, written by Henry James, H. G. Wells, and A. E. W. Mason—an awful

play. We slept six in a room at Brede Place during the festivities, turned night into day, and I was ill for a week afterwards.

Memories crowd from the past. One night, after a dinner at the Trencher Club, a literary dining club founded by Herbert Trench, he and I went on to W. B. Yeats's bare rooms off the Euston Road to hear him read his latest poems. Yeats knelt at a deal table upon which was one guttering candle ; he read and read, very beautifully. Trench fell asleep. Yeats went on reading. In the small hours I aroused Trench. We stumbled down the stairs, and as I opened the hall door I heard Yeats still declaiming fine verse to an empty room.

And there was Henry Simpson's wedding reception in his Chelsea studio. I became involved in a furious argument with an unknown lady about Jean-François-Millet. A slight, alert man, with a white lock, was much amused by our vehemence, and after examining us through his eye-glass, said, with a chuckle, " You two should know each other."

The man was Whistler ; the lady, in 1907, became my wife.

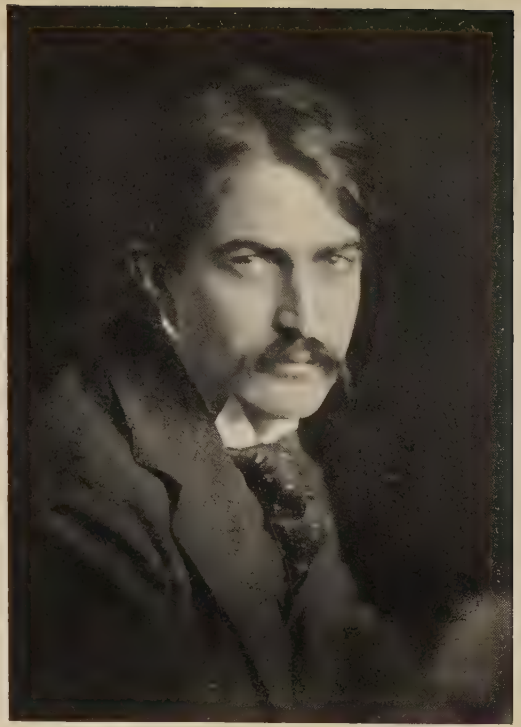


Photo. Elliott and Fry

STEPHEN CRANE

Photo. Elliott and Fry

ALFRED GILBERT

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CHAPTER XIV

MORE LIONS AND LESSER LIONS

THE agreeable sight, in a photograph, of Mr. George Bernard Shaw being instructed, on the beach at Madeira, in the art of the tango set me thinking of my first encounter with this remarkable man. One of G. B. S.'s great gifts is interest—intense interest in everything—in the tango, in Einstein's theory, in prize-fighting, in Ibsen. The first time I saw an Ibsen play George Bernard Shaw sat in front of me, and William Archer by his side. The seats were dress circle; the place, the old little Novelty Theatre; the play, Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. William Archer was a good watcher at a play; George Bernard Shaw is an intense watcher. I knew them in those days only by reputation. I succeeded in memorising the backs of their heads perfectly, as for three nights running, at *A Doll's House*, I occupied the same seat, and for three nights they sat in front of me. How it was arranged I have forgotten; probably the public did not flock to *A Doll's House*. I was too shy to speak to such notable dramatic critics as Shaw and

Archer, but it was plain that they were enthralled, as I was enthralled; but who was to guess that this play of *A Doll's House* was to have so extraordinary an effect on the British drama, or that the slamming of the door by Miss Janet Achurch, who played Nora, was to fling open the door in England to what is known as the "Emancipation of Woman" movement.

So impressed was I by the performance of Miss Janet Achurch as Nora that early next morning, with my heart beating, I journeyed to Chelsea, where she was living, sent in my card, and was graciously received as a great admirer of her acting. I suppose she was flattered; I suppose she realised that my infatuation was due more to Ibsen than to herself—but she was wonderful as Nora. She received me as if she were a duchess—perhaps she was shy—and we talked about Carlyle. There was a set of the Sage of Chelsea's works on the mantelpiece.

William Archer, tall, rugged, unbending, was a great worker, but for years I found it hard to realise that he had many other interests besides dramatic criticism. I was brought up on the weekly reviews of plays in *The World* signed W. A. I do not know whether his opinions had any effect on the box office, but the literary youth of those days rarely missed a W. A. article in *The World*, or the Paris article signed Theoc, the pen-name of Theodore

Child. Archer's mind was analytical. He judged poets as he judged playwrights. What labour, what reading of poetry for business, he must have put into his *Poets of the Younger Generation*, a thick volume estimating twenty writers, which Mr. Osbert Burdett acknowledges was of considerable help in preparing his scholarly, unemotional book on "The Beardsley Period." He calls it *An Essay in Perspective*, which it is, and he prints, on the title-page, this amusing quotation from the works of Max Beerbohm: "I belong to the Beardsley period." Oh, and he withdraws from the pretty playing with Love and Life current in the 'Nineties two stanzas by John Gray, a minor poet who became a priest. I quote one stanza here because it betrays the artifice of the lesser lights of the 'Nineties, who were more concerned with fashioning a verse neatly than feeling it:

> Lean back and press the pillows deep,
> Heart's dear demesne, dear Daintiness
> Close your tired eyes, but not to sleep . . .
> How very pale your pallor is.

To return to William Archer. He called upon me a few years ago, when I was in America, and told me, in his Scots level way, that he had written a melodrama, that Winthrop Ames was to produce it, and that George Arliss was to play the leading part. He whispered the name of the play (*The Green*

Goddess), and made me promise that it should not pass my lips until after the first night. I promised—he seemed to take his play very seriously—I promised, and laughingly said, " Don't ask me to put any money into it." " No money is required," he answered.

It seemed a hopeless thing to me ; but who can foretell the fate of plays ? As everyone knows, *The Green Goddess* had a splendid reception in England and in America, and illumined William Archer's latter years with the magic of success. On the first night in New York he spent most of the time pacing to and fro, at the back of the dress circle, and at intervals I would seek him out with complimentary exclamations, such as " It's very interesting " . . . " It's an artistic success " . . . and finally, " My dear Archer, it's a money-maker."

Not long after that Maurice Maeterlinck came to New York to lecture, and as I had never seen the author of those loved books, *Pelleas and Melisande*, *Wisdom and Destiny*, and *The Life of the Bee*, I looked forward to a spiritual and intellectual treat. But misfortune pursued Maeterlinck in New York so far as his public performances were concerned. The cute, acute New York reporters caught him, subjugated him, and stressed his interest in prize-fighting, which may be small or great : I know not. At any rate, there were columns of interviews

with Maeterlinck, and with a pet prize-fighter of the moment, even pictures of the two sparring, till I could hardly bear to look at a paper with anything about the author of *Wisdom and Destiny* in it.

Trouble arose over his lectures. His agent, Mr. Pond, supposed that they were to be given in English, but Mr. Maeterlinck spoke in French, which was satisfactory to two-thirds of the audience, but on the occasion of the first lecture there were some protests. Maeterlinck's stage manner was admirable; he stood wrapped in dignity and repose, ignoring the protests, and delivering his lecture in French in three-minute laps. When he had completed a period, an American artist, standing near him on the stage, translated from the manuscript. It was a curious performance, and, as I have already said, what impressed me was the philosophic demeanour of Maurice Maeterlinck, faintly surprised, faintly amused, and seemingly majestically indifferent to mundane things.

In striking contrast was the remarkable ovation Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson received after giving interpretative scenes from *Hamlet* at a matinée. He finished; he left the stage to rounds of applause; he disappeared; then a gentleman (I learned later that he was a Professor of Elocution and Drama at a New York college) jumped upon a seat and cried, "We

must have this great English actor back; we must tell him again how delighted and impressed we are by his wonderful interpretative scenes from Shakspere."

Then they cheered; how they cheered, shouted, and stamped.

I rushed behind—found a bewildered Forbes-Robertson wondering what the din meant. I explained, and he stepped again upon the stage, to receive an amazing ovation.

Another American memory. I had been writing for an American journal, and signing with a pen-name. One day I received a letter from Frank Harris, who was then editing *Pearson's Magazine*. His letter began: "Thank heaven I've found an American who can write," and he proceeded to ask me to call upon him with a view to writing for *Pearson's*. I called; he was then living in or near Washington Square. When I presented myself Frank Harris started, and uttered his favourite exclamation of surprise. We renewed our acquaintance, which had begun in the late 'Eighties at *The Art Journal* office in the City Road. Messrs. Virtue and Co. printed the *Fortnightly* in those days. Frank Harris was the editor; he would travel down to the City Road to pass the proofs, and I shall never forget my astonishment when he disturbed the decorum of *The Art Journal* office by shouting from an inner

room, where he was correcting *Fortnightly* proofs, " Someone bring me a large whisky and soda."

A virile, commanding man, Frank Harris! A strange man! One winter in New York he was " at home " every Sunday evening at a ground-floor hall, or large room, in the lower part of Fifth Avenue, and there he would deliver to a mixed audience, mainly of foreign extraction, lay sermons and philosophic views of life derived from his *Contemporary Portraits*. I notice that Frank Harris, author of *Elder Conklin* and *The Bomb*, gives the following in *Who's Who* as his recreations : "A lover of books and men, who takes pleasure in the past by travelling and in the future by dreaming."

W. T. Stead was sometimes a dreamer, but like Frank Harris, he had a compact practical side. At the Imperial Press Conference of 1909 he astonished some by appearing with his visiting card pinned in his button hole instead of a flower. When a wag suggested to him that this was the result of absence of mind, he replied, " Not at all. Everybody wants to know W. T. Stead. Here he is."

Lord Rosebery was the orator at this Imperial Press Conference dinner. He was in those days much in demand as a speaker ; indeed, he was the Government's trump card. He spoke splendidly for five minutes, then suddenly he stopped. There was silence for

some seconds ; he passed his hand anxiously over his brow ; the audience was mute, too much surprised to help him with applause, and then suddenly he began again, but from another angle, gracefully as ever. He said afterwards that, in the midst of a sentence, his mind suddenly became a blank—a terrifying moment.

Finally, a memory of a great foreigner. I have a vivid recollection of the dinner of honour given to Rodin, and of the look of the Master's face when the Slade students took the horses from his carriage and pulled him to the banqueting hall.

Rodin could speak but a few words of English, and I had the good fortune to hear him utter five of them.

It was during the first year of the war. Our friend, the lamented Sir Hugh Lane, had asked my wife and me, with others, to meet Monsieur and Madame Rodin at tea in his Chelsea house. They sat silent. Presently Lane glided round the table and whispered to my wife, " Do talk to Madame Rodin," and to me " Try to interest Rodin."

Madame Rodin immediately responded to my wife's sympathy. And I said to Rodin, very slowly, in French, " These darkened streets ! London is very sad just now."

He looked at me from his shining eyes, raised his finger, shook his noble head, and said in English, " Sad, yes, but very beautiful."

CHAPTER XV

A GROUP OF VICTORIAN PAINTERS

PAINTERS, like other æsthetic purveyors, have suffered a war change. Not that alone. High taxes, the unpopularity of mansions, the conversion of houses into flats, and the competition of Old Masters have decreased the demand for pictures of the day of large size. I put it mildly—decreased.

But the chief enemy of the "Picture of the Year" is the motor-car. In Victorian days—those leisurely and comfortable times when Sir Frederick Leighton was President of the Royal Academy—a commercial magnate and his wife would discuss over the dinner-table, early in May, whether they should buy a Leighton or a Tadema. To-day they balance the merits of a Rolls Royce against a Daimler.

I can remember the time when Edmund Yates, proprietor and editor of *The World*, gladly paid a guinea for a small paragraph, describing the picture that an eminent Royal Academician was painting for the next exhibition. And I recall the occasion—

it was in 1889—when the editor of *The Globe*, Ponsonby Ogle, a charming man, now gone, like *The Globe*, commissioned me to interview the twelve most eminent living painters. I have referred to this enterprise in Chapter V.

Of course, when we spoke of eminent living painters we meant Royal Academicians. It was the hey-day of official art; but the modern movement of the moment—*plein air* and sunlight—was beginning to disturb the elders. The Newlyn School was opening a window at Burlington House. French teaching was the vogue. And I remember the joy of my young painter friends when Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily Rose" was purchased by the Chantry Trustees. How well that fine picture wears!

My interviews with the eminent in art began, of course, with Leighton. Strange to say, I have preserved those records from the pink *Globe*. They are before me now—a little faded, a little frayed, pasted carefully into a book labelled "Newspaper Cuttings." How slight they were. How proud I was of them.

Lord Leighton of Stretton, as he became later, was an ideal President of the Royal Academy. In looks, manner, culture, courtesy, and kindness, one might have searched the English-speaking world in vain for a better man to fill that high office.

He was rather aloof; but he made art fashionable and popular. Could he do it to-day? I think not.

He invited me to his house in Holland Park Road. It was Sunday afternoon. He wore a velvet jacket; his carelessly attired hair was silvery; he talked in a deep, melodious voice, and when, bashfully, I entered his studio, I found him, to my consternation, talking to an Italian in Italian, and then to a Frenchman in French. When he turned in my direction I think he mistook me for a Spaniard, as he addressed me in the language of Castile. I explained my modest identity. He raised his eyebrows; he passed his hand through the orderly-disorder of his silvery hair, and murmured, "Ah, pray wait a little."

I can remember parts of that conversation still. He was delightful; he talked life and art with the ease of a bird singing. He flowed on like an Ambassador. At five o'clock came the interruption which, I learned later, was the inevitable procedure of his establishment. The clock struck, the door opened, his manservant bowed, and the President said, "Pardon me. I always see my old father at this hour." I was dismissed.

Millais was bluff, hearty, jolly, just like the knickerbockered Squire shown in Max Beerbohm's

most amusing caricature, not in the least like the slim ideal youth of genius of his wonderful Pre-Raphaelite days. He asked me to call on a Sunday morning at his mansion in Palace Gate (now flats). I paused on the landing to admire a bronze seal sporting in a circular fountain, and was then conducted to his magnificent studio, where I found him smoking a briar pipe and—playing Patience. He made me promise not to tell. I have kept the secret for thirty-six years. Millais was an emphatic talker; he stormed at me because I made an incorrect remark about the constitution of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; he lamented the outside official work he had to do, and smiting his hand upon the Patience table, cried, "Painting is the chief rest I get."

Then we talked fishing—salmon fishing. Being young and daring, I said to him, "Is there not almost as much pleasure in catching a big fish as in painting a good picture?"

That quietened him. He explained the signification of "a good picture," and how it is produced. "One man takes a week," he said, "another a year, yet the one done in a week may be the better. One day the inspiration comes, and then it goes. It's all stomach."

I wrote the article, and sent him a typewritten copy as I had promised.

Two days later, as I was preparing to visit Alma-Tadema at his surprising, highly-decorated house in St. John's Wood, I received this telegram from Millais, "Passages in article won't do. Come at once."

I hastened to Palace Gate, and found that his main objection was to the sentence, "It's all stomach," which I, in my ignorance, thought was apt and forcible—*le mot juste.*

"But you used the expression yourself, sir," I said. "Never mind what I said," he roared. "Stomach isn't a nice word." So I changed the sentence into, "It's all physical."

His other criticism was that I had called the bronze animal in the circular fountain a seal. "My dear sir," he bellowed, "it's a sea-lion, not a seal. Here"—and taking a piece of paper, he made a sketch showing the differences in the anatomy of the two animals. Which I pocketed. On the whole, I thoroughly enjoyed my contact with this jolly, breezy, irate man of genius.

Alma-Tadema was finishing "The Roses of Heliogabulus" when I called. He was careful to point out to me, in his curious English, that each flower was painted from a separate model and that all through the winter he had received, at some cost, two boxes of roses each week.

When the conversation turned upon popularity and the attitude of the public (it was my method to prepare six indiscreet questions and submit them to each painter), he said, with some vehemence, "Bah! my friends, the public, won't let me progress. I paint a bit of marble, and they always want marble; a blue sky, and they always want blue skies; Agrippa, and they always want Agrippas; an Oleander, and they want nothing but Oleanders. Bah! A man isn't a machine."

W. Q. Orchardson, that fine artist, was tall and slim, with dark-brown hair and an iron-grey moustache. I was shown into his drawing-room in Portland Place. The apartment seemed familiar. Ah, yes, it was the setting for his popular picture, called "Her Mother's Voice," but I gathered from him that the room was copied from the picture, not the picture from the room.

We talked of commissions. He did not like them. He wanted a free hand. Yet one of his most successful subject pictures was the result of a commission. "It was like this," he said. "A gentleman had built a beautiful house. He indicated a blank wall, and asked me to paint something to fill it. I painted 'The Salon of Madame Recamier' for that blank wall."

Orchardson had the gift, not common, of

completely visualising a picture before he put a touch of paint to the canvas. Thus he saw in a moment that fine work, now in the National Collection, "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*," and jotted the composition down upon a piece of paper the size of his hand. So Sir Edwin Lutyens saw the Cenotaph, in a cab, and jotted it down on the back of an old letter.

Burne-Jones was an A.R.A. when I visited him; later he resigned. He lived in the Grange, West Kensington, a house of memories, an old house in a garden, where Richardson, the novelist, once lived, and told the tale of Pamela and Sir Charles Grandison. Asceticism was the note of the studio; no rugs, no luxury; bare walls, a bare floor, and a bench on which was strewn his luncheon—bread-and-cheese. A gentle-mannered man with dreamy eyes, and a soft, subdued way of speaking. Pictures and drawings—his own—everywhere. "It would take me a hundred years to finish all the pictures I have begun," he said, looking sadly at the fireplace that had been blocked up; but there was a radiator. Somebody had written the following about this other-world man, and courageously I quoted it to him: "Mr. Burne-Jones, despairing of the world as it is, turns away from it, and seeks to create for himself a beautiful world 'twixt heaven and earth,

and to people it with children of his own imagining —neither mortal nor divine."

When I slowly murmured this to him he smiled wanly.

Many memories start up when I re-read my interview called "An Hour with Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A.," that lonely man now living in Bruges—an exile by his own choice. When he visits London, infrequently, he is not happy, and as for the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, he will not talk about it.

It was thirty-six years ago, and he was thirty-six years of age, when I interviewed him in The Avenue, Fulham Road. As I entered his first studio, I saw before me—white and strong—the sketch model of the base of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, and he told me that he had not finally decided upon the character of the upper portion. Eros has had some adventures since that distant day.

A few years later I was present at the farewell address by Alfred Gilbert to the students of the Royal Academy. It was one of the most piteous addresses that I have ever heard. Most of us broke down.

Two more memories—an American and a Belgian.

George Bellows, a brilliant painter and lithographer, one of the first three American artists, had a ready wit. Once at a public meeting in New

York, Joseph Pennell had been indirectly taunting Bellows for making his war lithographs in New York, not in the fields of Flanders. I whispered to him, "What are you going to say to that?" Bellows replied, "Give me time." Presently he rose and said, "I never heard that Leonardo da Vinci had a private view ticket for 'The Last Supper.'"

Lastly, a word to my friend Clement K. Shorter. In *The Sphere* he referred to the amazing supper-party given by Jan Van Beers at the Dowdeswell Galleries—was it 1889?—and wondered how many, now living, were present.

I was present, and can confirm C. K. S.'s vivid description of Melba—hidden—singing; of the birds that flew out from the pie when Jan Van Beers cut it; of the startling electric light novelties; but C. K. S. did not refer to the incident that made the most lasting impression upon me—the spectacle of patriarchal Sir John Aird dancing a hornpipe upon the table before it had been quite cleared, dancing gravely, with accuracy and gusto.

CHAPTER XVI

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD AND SETTLEMENT LIFE: A VISIT TO LORD ROSEBERY

TOWARDS the close of last century—being unmarried—I tired of living in lodgings and clubs, and began to think about Settlements.

Toynbee Hall had been founded by the Barnetts in 1884; others followed, including University Hall, Gordon Square, which was due to Mrs. Humphry Ward, and arose from her dream of the New Brotherhood in *Robert Elsmere*. Affiliated to University Hall was the dingy dwelling in Marchmont Street, where clubs and classes were held.

Mrs. Ward was the guiding spirit, as well as the begetter, of this effort "to break down the local and geographical barriers that separated rich from poor, East End from West End." Fraternisation was in the air; it was the epoch of "religious Liberals"—such men as Martineau, Stopford Brooke, and other big-hearted Victorians. Mrs. Humphry Ward talked to them. They gave their help. Who could resist the wide-visioned pleadings of the author of *Robert Elsmere* and *David Grieve*?

Occasionally I visited University Hall and Marchmont Street, for Settlement Life will always have an appeal for gregarious men; but I did not feel drawn to the ardours and renunciations of it. To the end I was something of a *dilettante* in Settlement life.

One day, passing down Tavistock Place, I stopped to admire the beauty and gaiety of a new building. It was the Passmore Edwards Settlement. The architects were a young firm, Smith and Brewer—Cecil Brewer was already my friend; he died young.

Mrs. Ward tells us in *A Writer's Recollections* that Mr. Passmore Edwards, that good and wildly generous man, began to haunt the shabby hall in Marchmont Street; but she does not tell us that it was her enthusiasm and eagerness to make the world better and more fraternal that induced Mr. Passmore Edwards to contribute £14,000 to the cost of the building; or that it was, I have no doubt, owing to her persuasions that the Duke of Bedford offered the site on most liberal terms, contributing himself and returning the ground rent.

The Passmore Edwards Settlement was opened in 1898 by Lord Peel and John Morley. Robert Grey Tatton, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, was appointed the first Warden, and became my lifelong friend. Some thought, in those quiet

days, that the world would be reformed by Settlements.

Passmore Edwards—white-bearded, fresh-complexioned, bright-eyed—who gave away his fortune for the building of libraries, chiefly in Cornwall, and for this Settlement, was proprietor and editor of *The Echo*, one halfpenny each evening. What an admirable paper it was, edited by a man of ideals, small, compact, with never a scare headline, and every article could be read to the end with profit and stimulation. I wish that there were an *Echo* to-day.

I joined the Passmore Edwards Settlement a month or so after it was opened, and the first function at which I was present was the dedication of the library to the memory of T. H. Green, one of Mrs. Ward's idols (see *A Writer's Recollections*). Then began a friendly intercourse with this unique and splendid woman which lasted until her death. The Settlement was her child; she watched over it like a loving parent; she founded the Invalid Children's School, the Play Centre, and a dozen other altruistic activities. How a successful novelist, a best-seller, with many social engagements, found the time I could never understand. Her eagerness to help the world helped her to circumvent time. I have sat on many committees in my time, some quarrelsome, but never have I seen anybody so wise

Photo. Elliott and Fry

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

and kind as Mrs. Humphry Ward. How cleverly and smilingly she soared above petty and harassing details, keeping her mind always on the vision of her dream.

They were happy years I spent at the Settlement. There were troubles and disagreements, of course, but the wisdom and *bonhomie* of the Warden smoothed difficulties away. He had (and has) a sense of humour. Once when I was holiday-making in the country, I sent him a telegram, which he affixed to the notice-board in the dining-room. It ran, "Kept from duty by an unexpected pleasure."

The duty in this case was the gymnasium class, for which I was responsible on two evenings a week, and later the Cadet Corps, another of Mrs. Ward's creations. That was before the spread of the Boy and Girl Scout movement.

Each Resident—that was the name given to us—of the Settlement was supposed to devote at least two evenings a week to the work. I chose the gymnasium because, being occupied all day editing *The Academy*, and writing my articles and bits of a book very early in the morning, and occasionally late at night, I found that jumping over the wooden horse and setting exercises with Indian clubs kept me fit. Once, when I had a rough class, they broke away and scrambled over the horse before I could set the exercise. I reprimanded them, and said, "It

is not courteous to push in before me." Half a dozen hot, grimy mouths yelled, " What's courteous mean, sir ? " So I had to explain the meaning of courtesy, with illustrations drawn from history. That was a jolly evening—for me, at any rate.

Most of the Residents were employed during the day. Each had his bed-sitting-room study, for which he paid rent, according to the size and position of his apartment. We had our meals together in the long dining-room facing the garden, and usually there were two or three guests, college friends of the Warden's, stray professors, lecturers, students from the Dominions, or from foreign countries. One of the Residents in my time was Mackenzie King, now Prime Minister of Canada, another was Paul Mantoux, who did such signal service as translator in the Versailles conferences.

So the years, full of interest and change, passed, and I wondered how I had ever stood the loneliness of lodgings. And Mrs. Humphry Ward, novelist and Settlement inspirer, prospered. Mr. Humphry Ward was then leader-writer and art critic of *The Times*. We met at galleries where I was pursuing my duties as art critic, as well as at the Settlement. It was Humphry Ward, who, as editor of *The English Poets*, gave us those wonderful Prefaces by Matthew Arnold and others.

The Wards prospered. They had moved from Russell Square to Grosvenor Place, and from Haslemere to Stocks, by Tring, on one of the easterly spurs of the Chilterns.

One week-end I spent at Stocks was memorable. Mr. George Earle Buckle, editor of *The Times*, was among the guests ; on Sunday morning Mrs. Ward asked us if we would like to drive over and lunch with Lord Rosebery at Mentmore. Of course we were delighted to do so.

As we drove through the park at Mentmore I noticed a golf course, which gave me a hint for the solitary remark I was able to address to our host. It was not easy, but I was determined to say something to him.

Lord Rosebery was then at the height of his fame. It was said that he had fulfilled his three-branched ambition. He had married the richest woman in the world, he had been Prime Minister, and he had won the Derby ; he was also a great orator, and was usually chosen, as I have said in a former chapter, to address and impress international gatherings.

I had often heard Lord Rosebery speak, and we had corresponded when I was editor of *The Academy* about an article on Hawker of Morwenstow that he had expressed himself more than willing to write. He was much interested in Hawker, and told me

that he would go at once to the Durdans and collect his material about the vigorous Vicar of Morwenstow, but somehow the article was never written. I was sorry because I had discussed Hawker in *Days in Cornwall*, and was keen about him, and had quoted in full his famous "Song of the Western Men":

> And have they fixed the where and when?
> And shall Trelawny die?
> Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
> Will know the reason why!

The Mentmore luncheon was laid at small tables in the immense dining-room—or was it the hall? The day was warm; there was a considerable house-party at Mentmore, and the incursion from Stocks was not small.

Shepherded by Mrs. Ward, we made our way circuitously through avenues by little tables, and approached Lord Rosebery, who did not look vastly pleased at our appearance.

When my time came to be presented, I said to him, remembering the three goals that he had achieved, "I was interested to see a golf course in your park."

"Why?"

"Because in golf you have something in which you can never reach the goal."

At first he looked angry; then he smiled.

After luncheon I found myself on the terrace with General Lyttelton and a young noble lord who had just inherited a great estate. The young noble lord dropped into a chair, tilted his straw hat over his eyes, and settled himself to sleep.

It was the eve of the South African War, and General Lyttelton spent an hour drawing plans with his stick on the gravel of the terrace purporting to show me how the Boers might be conquered in six weeks. The young noble lord awoke before the General had quite completed his ingenious but faulty task of explaining how to beat the Boers quickly, and said, "Every gentleman should go to sleep on Sunday afternoon."

In 1915 the Passmore Edwards Settlement became a Women's Settlement with Women Residents, and the name has since been changed to the Mary Ward Settlement, a transformation that does not seem to me quite courteous to the memory of Passmore Edwards. The annual Jowett Lectures, which deal with a religious or philosophical subject, continue.

In 1913, when I was recovering from a long illness, I re-read *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, and was so impressed by it that I wrote to Mrs. Ward to say so. She called to thank me in person, gave me an inscribed copy of *Helbeck* in the "Westmoreland" Edition, with the illuminating introduction, and sat by my couch.

How we talked of the old days! A correspondence followed from which I should like to quote two passages. She wrote; "Yes, I think *Helbeck* is the best thing I ever did; and if I may egotistically say so, George Meredith thought so too."

In another letter she said, "Yes, indeed, all that matters in this world is love—and as one gets older and more immersed in dusty detail, one has to be constantly brought back to that root fact."

And I have lately been re-reading the two volumes of *A Writer's Recollections*, by Mrs. Ward. What a broadly painted yet intimate picture of the great Victorians it presents. And what a foundation of scholarship and research underlay the structure of her novels. How charming and natural are her heroines, and how sympathetically and justly she presents the struggle for religious freedom that obsessed so many Victorians. I can remember my delight and anxiety when I first read Huxley's growl that whenever he tried to investigate the origins of man and the meaning of life, he was stopped by a sign-post bearing the inscription, "No throughfare. Moses."

In these days, when my young friends tell me that they have nothing to read, sometimes I say: "Why not try a course of George Eliot and Mary Ward?"

CHAPTER XVII

THE ADVENTURE OF WRITING A NOVEL

IN Chapter V. I made the startling statement—"Yet I wrote a novel and a play. Each failed. It was just."

If anyone else had made that crude criticism "It was just," I should have been tolerably angry; but one is permitted to utter severe things about one's own handiwork.

What is material failure? A novel fails, I suppose, when it does not sell one thousand copies within a year; a play fails when it does not run for a month. My novel, *The Enchanted Stone*, did not sell one thousand copies, for publishers have a way of not considering "remainder" books as legal sales; my play, *Freedom*, did not run for one month, so I have written them down as failures. Yet each bounded off with quite a fanfare of approval.

Who can explain or direct the public patronage of books? The public reads just what it wants to read: it has a clear sense of what it needs.

I have written that the failure of *The Enchanted*

Stone was just. By that I mean that a story-teller is born, not made, and that I am not a born story-teller : so I failed. Like so many others, I forced myself into it, but I was not born to it. You will find that the authors of " best-sellers " are always born story-tellers. Sometimes they are artists also, but making a book a work of art does not necessarily sell it. Wonderful reviews it may have, the author may be hailed as the hope of his generation, but unless the general reader, the arbiter of circulations, talks about it with enthusiasm in tube, 'bus, and at dinner tables, it remains no more than a *succès d'estime*, which phrase courteous Monsieur Gasc translates as " quiet success " or " indifferent success."

If I wished to be arrogant and haughty, I should say that *The Enchanted Stone* failed because it had no sex in it, no feminine allure, only a crazy old woman, whose last words were, " Take me, O God, while I still believe." But that was not the real reason. I did not know it at the time of writing ; it took me half a life-time to find it out. The real reason was that I was interested in ideas, and hardly interested at all in character. Every born novelist works from his characters. They become real to him : they control the plot. I invented characters, palely, to suit my ideas, my notions, my plot, so the general

reader was not interested. I did not tell a story through characters, I composed a series of events which interested me, and tacked on characters to amplify those events. So with my short stories. The events were startling, the characters were usually shadows. I was interested in the events, but hardly at all in the people who moved through them.

The Spectator in a review of one of my short stories, "Parson Sal," which appeared about 1890 in *Belgravia*, an excellent monthly magazine now no more, gave me a remarkable lesson, which would have been useful if I had been eager to become a confirmed story-writer. The reviewer (God bless him! he made me happy for a week) said: "'Parson Sal' deserves to be singled out from the crowd of stories in the current *Belgravia*, not for the plot, which is commonplace enough, but for a distinct although undisciplined power of characterisation it exhibits. The name of the writer, C. Lewis Hind, is new to us."

I did not invent a line, or hardly a line, of the dialogue in "Parson Sal." I copied it *verbatim* into my note-book, under a gas-lamp, in a horrid little alley-way off Gray's Inn Road, when that thoroughfare was less salubrious than it now is. I had been at the German Gymnasium, King's Cross —physical exercises—and was walking back to

Chancery Lane, where I had rooms. Gray's Inn Lane was "up." The night shift were relaying the tar-wood road. There were enormous cauldrons of boiling tar at intervals down the gutter, and swarthy Italians were ladling the sizzling fluid into buckets. One of them, with rings in his ears, was talking obliquely to a factory girl, a splendid creature, hatless, with coils of black hair, and a red shawl around her slim shoulders. Up lounged a coster and struck the Italian on the jaw. A free fight followed, accompanied by a cascade of blazing tar, and torrents of language. A parson ran out of the darkness. To him the factory girl, Sal, appealed. Indeed, she threw her arms around the parson's neck when the coster prepared to strike him. More quick language. Having an instinct that it was vital, I slipped into the alley-way and noted down rapidly what I was hearing. Hence "Parson Sal."

The Spectator reviewer found the characterisation "distinct although undisciplined." No wonder. It was life, not art. I copied what I heard. I did not select or reject.

My other stories for *Belgravia* included "The Lion-Faced Man: Told by Professor Pearce," an absurd farrago, very seriously written, about a man who had the misfortune to resemble a lion in looks and disposition, "an affliction under which the

male members of his family had laboured for generations." There was not enough characterisation in it to cover a three-penny piece, but the editor must have thought it a decent yarn or he would not have printed it. The idea came to me from the awful heads of bearded gentlemen one used to see exposed in phrenologists' parlours.

Another of my *Belgravia* stories, "The Mary Stuart Drawings," was mild by comparison with the "Lion-faced Man." It was about a black-and-white artist who was commissioned by a magazine to make drawings of the portraits at a "Mary Stuart Exhibition," not the Queen only—the other Maries also.

> Yestre'en the Queen had four Maries,
> The day she'll hae but three:
> There was Mary Breton, and Mary Seton,
> And Mary Carmichael, and me.

The artist in my story became infatuated with a young woman writer he met at the exhibition, and his drawings had to be cancelled because, unwittingly, poor man, he gave to each of the Maries, including the Queen, the looks of the young woman-writer whom he adored temporarily.

If you ask me why I wrote these stories, I must reply—for fun, for guineas, and because I wanted to discover if my stories were acceptable. When I

found that the editor of *Belgravia* showed no disposition to return any, or to criticise any, I tired of the game, and turned to other literary pursuits. I am well aware that this was not the voice of the real story-teller, who should be unhappy until he sets down upon paper what his characters are planning, doing, and thinking. I wrote those stories because my theory is that a man who can write can write anything, even Memories, up to a certain normal level.

After my charming *Belgravia* experiences, I found myself quite undesirous of writing a story unless I had a definite commission for it. So when my *Art Journal* editor decided to be modern and print an art story each month, including one from me, I produced, without much effort, "The Academy of Intentions"—all dreams, no characterisation; but the editor liked it, and the story was illustrated and published; so when the late C. N. Williamson asked me for a story for *Black and White* (July 22, 1893), I turned out "The Green Bust," which I remember I had to cut down by just one-half. And when I was editor of *The Pall Mall Budget*, it was the easiest thing in the world to write and to print in the Christmas Number the story called "The Duke Who Came Into His Kingdom," which I composed in bed by candlelight,

through a week of dark mornings, and which had the advantage of illustrations by Hatherell and Birkenruth.

"The Slave of Phidias," which I did for dear G. R. Halkett, when he was editing *The Pall Mall Magazine*, was another matter. I had been to Greece, and had brought back from Athens a wonderful array of photographs. Instead of writing a pedestrian article around the photographs, I suggested to Halkett that I should make a story out of my Greek experiences and illustrate it with photographs of the Parthenon, Pericles, Pan, and Mars Hill. I used this notion at wider and greater length in *The Education of an Artist.* There must have been some merit in "The Slave of Phidias," because an important Literary Syndicate wrote to me asking if I could supply other stories in the manner of "The Slave of Phidias." I did not do so, because, by that time, such aches as I may have had to write stories had subsided.

And now I must say a few additional words about my single long incursion into the realm of fiction or romance, *The Enchanted Stone*, which was published by Messrs. A. and C. Black in 1898.

It sprang, I repeat, from interest in ideas, not from insight into characters, and it was written because I realised that the time had come to produce

a novel or romance. The plot was invented bit by bit and neatly dovetailed. Strange to say, the Enchanted Stone of my romance actually foretold some of the properties of radium. As for the "philosophy" underlying the narrative, I suppose it was due to a certain passage in Emerson. And I had been bemusing myself over Max Müller's "Six Systems of Indian Philosophy," and I was absorbed in Druidical astronomical lore exemplified in the Cornish stone circles.

As John Lane was the publisher of *The Yellow Book*, in which a chapter of *The Enchanted Stone* was published, I submitted to him the typewritten copy of the book, and gave my friend, W. Earl Hodgson, who was then literary adviser to A. and C. Black, the manuscript to read, as we had more than once discussed the "philosophy" underlying the story.

Soon an extraordinary thing happened. John Lane told me one evening at the old Hogarth Club that his reader had reported favourably upon the book. "Call in some afternoon at the office," he said, "and we'll discuss terms." I did not do so, because, when I arrived home that night, I found the following letter awaiting me:

"My dear Hind,—I have read *The Enchanted Stone*. It astounds me, and fills me with admiration.

I cannot now trust myself to say what I think of it lest I should be carried too far by the first impressions.—Yours ever, with very high respect, W. Earl Hodgson."

Well ? Who can deny that sometimes mortals get more than they deserve ?

I withdrew *The Enchanted Stone* from John Lane (publishers are inured to such catastrophes), and owing to W. Earl Hodgson's warm, not to say excited recommendation, it was published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

It had splendid reviews on the day of publication. Andrew Lang was delighted, Sir Henry Norman spread himself over nearly a column of praise ; editions were published in America and the Colonies, a German wrote from Bonn asking if he might translate it, and I said to myself, " You must write another—at once."

A year later I purchased a " remainder " copy of *The Enchanted Stone* from the " tuppeny box " of a barrow in the Farringdon Road—and laughed.

CHAPTER XVIII

TRYING TO PAINT IN CORNWALL AND PARIS

IT was half-way through the 'Nineties—it was 1895—when I made my first visit to Cornwall and began to paint odd, bad, personal pictures.

It was May. My editorship of *The Pall Mall Budget* was becoming a memory ; there was no hint that in the following year I should be appointed editor of *The Academy*, so I was doing what all resolute editors do when they are out of a job : I was writing a novel (see last chapter) and earning a living by art articles and magazine essays.

One morning I received a letter from my friend, Moffat Lindner, artist, dated St. Ives, Cornwall, saying that there was a vacant room in the house where he was lodging, and suggesting that I should join him.

At once I decided to accept, and to have a year's painting in St. Ives—not for fame, oh, no, merely that I might be able to write with more authority on art. I could afford to be a kind of painter for a year, as I still had something left of the six months'

salary I had received from the manager of *The Pall Mall Budget* in lieu of notice. As to my journalistic engagements, they could be pursued as adequately in Cornwall as in London.

Within two days I left Paddington with a ticket for St. Ives in my pocket, free as a bird, and as excited as a schoolboy.

That was a happy year, one of the happiest of my life, for St. Ives was—and is—a dream place ; such seas, such skies, such yellow sands, such walks. Again and again, in succeeding years, I returned to that haven by the sea, unable to resist the diversions of painting, walking, swimming, and dreaming. These diversions were not unprofitable—they resulted in two books, *Days in Cornwall*, and *The Education of an Artist*; also part of a third, *Adventures Among Pictures*, and numerous other articles. From Cornwall I wrote a weekly causerie for *The St. James's Budget*, which was daring in the editor, J. Penderel Brodhurst.

At St. Ives I first met my friend, Charles Marriott. He was living there then, and had become famous in literary circles with *The Column*, which was sponsored by Sidney Colvin ; and with other novels.

Marriott showed me the trackless ways over the hills and moors of western Cornwall ; he passed on to me his knowledge of the Cornish character, and

the Druidical monuments—cromlechs and stone circles—that linger in desolate places. Together we caught the little Cornish trout (sometimes), and one winter afternoon, after a drenching tramp, we found the trickle which is the source of the Tamar. But the best fisherman of our acquaintance was Lamorna Birch, landscape painter, who adopted his first name from Lamorna Cove, where he lives, half a day's walk beyond Penzance.

Moffat Lindner smiled when I told him that I wanted to paint ; but when he realised that I was in earnest, he mentioned as possible teachers the names of Louis Grier—a landscape painter of great talent and small application, whose charming " Plain Land " I used as the coloured frontispiece of *Adventures Among Pictures*—and Julius Olsson, now an R.A. In conjunction with Algernon Talmage, now an A.R.A., Julius Olssen held a painting class, to which students flocked, in the vast Harbour Studio overlooking St. Ives Harbour.

After reflection Lindner decided that Olsson was the master for me ; but I did not join the group of students at the Harbour Studio. My case was special. I had drawn neither from the cast nor from the life. I was a writer with an impatient desire to investigate the craft of painting, so I was allowed to spend some afternoons a week (in the

CHARLES MARRIOTT
From a drawing by Maxwell Armfield

mornings I wrote) in Olsson's private studio, undecorated, and as large as a tithe barn.

I began with still life. Olsson would set my palette, and then arrange upon the stand, say, a jug, a bottle, and a glass, leaving me to discover how to represent them upon canvas. Late in the afternoon, or the next day, he would hover over me and criticise my efforts, explaining how I had omitted the reflections, and that I had paid no attention to the relation of one object to another. I knew I hadn't, because I couldn't.

I learnt then, and was to have my astonishing discovery confirmed later in Paris, that the craft of painting is not taught to the student. He receives plenty of criticism from his masters—sometimes contemptuous—but he has to muddle his way to a knowledge of how to paint—unaided. I suspect that he receives his most useful lessons from his fellow students, and he learns something when the master takes the brush into his own hand and paints over the pupil's effort. But he is not taught the craft of painting as a motor-car or a carriage-painting apprentice is taught.

Painting is absorbing. Oh, the joy, after having messed on a canvas for hours, to find, suddenly, that a sweep of the right paint here, or a blob there, has instantly pulled the whole thing together, and

produced a presentable, if not a Chantrey Bequest, picture.

Weeks passed. Summer came. I dared to rent a small studio. I painted feverishly, pitched my easel on the beach, on the leeward side of Trencrom, the highest hill in western Cornwall, or among the blue pools and dunes at Lelant, in those days the painting ground of Adrian Stokes, now R.A. I covered canvases eagerly because it was all for my own joy and instruction. My works were never to be shown anywhere—so what did their imperfections matter? I also did some copying. Arnesby Brown, now R.A., was just completing one of his brilliant sunshiny pastorals, and he invited me to sit in his studio for a week of afternoons and copy his leading cow bathed in sunshine.

For ten years, off and on, I returned to St. Ives, sometimes painting, always writing. When I received the commission for *Days In Cornwall* I spent ten weeks, at intervals through the year, walking round the coast, promising myself that I would never stray a biscuit's throw from the sea (promise not kept) and in zigzagging down the centre from Saltash to Land's End.

In the early part of 1905 I wrote the Cornish chapters of *The Education of an Artist*, which was to be followed by my hero's (he was rather a tame

hero) experiences in the studios of Paris ; then his Grand Tour through the Picture Galleries of Europe.

Charles Marriott agreed to accompany me to Paris for at least a month, he to study *la ville lumière*, I to paint and to draw in the schools. We stopped at Plymouth, intending to board a liner bound for Cherbourg. Owing to bad weather she was two days late. We waited patiently, hoping every minute to receive the news that she had been sighted. On the evening of the second day, disgusted, we took the train for London—relying upon Dover and Calais. Just when the train was about to start a man on the platform told us that the liner had been sighted.

I have been chided for not enjoying my student period in the studios of Paris. The reason was, I think, my incompetency as a draughtsman and painter, and the determination of Marriott and myself to live as students in the Montparnasse quarter. My bedroom was not inviting; neither were the staircases.

At St. Ives I had been the cheerful, cranky amateur ; in Paris I was assumed to be a professional, and I had not the heart or the knowledge of idiomatic French to explain to the Visiting Professors that I was really a writer, not an embryo painter.

An artist friend in Cornwall had advised me to

join Delacluse's studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs. I found him a benevolent man with excellent English. At once I joined the morning course, which lasted from eight to twelve, for six months—fee 130 francs. When I told M. Delacluse that I had not studied drawing, he replied, "It is better so. You have no bad faults to correct." He was charming, and supplied me with a portfolio, paper, and charcoal. There was a class of twenty, all foreigners, except four Americans, who were always in hilarious spirits. It was from them that I learnt "Dixie" and "The Old Folks at Home." They sang them, with variations, several times each morning.

The model posed. Tremblingly I took my crayon, and produced in three hours a drawing, not as good as Augustus John, but really not unlike the model, if a bit wobbly.

When M. Delacluse saw it he sighed, and said, "Simplify! Neglect the details. Construct the form of the face and hands, not the features and the fingers. Seek the masses."

At the end of the first week I had an exciting minute. The *massier*—that is, the head student—announced one day that a certain very distinguished French artist would visit the studio at half-past eleven and criticise our work.

He arrived ; he was rather an exquisite. We had been warned, as he objected to tobacco, that pipes and cigarettes must be extinguished. In deep silence he flitted round the easels, uttering laconic sentences of praise or blame.

He looked at my drawing, then at me, curiously, as if I were a new kind of orchid or insect. " Please tell him," I whispered to the *massier*, " that I am a *nouveau*."

The professor seated himself before my easel, withdrew a scented handkerchief from his pocket, gently dusted away my drawing, and taking my charcoal, made a quick, masterly sketch of the model, saying, as he did so, " I see the back of the head and the heel in a perpendicular line. I see the nose at an angle more acute. I see the right leg shorter. I see the neck rising from the shoulder—thus."

It was a great lesson in drawing, and in courtesy.

I worked hard and rarely left the Montparnasse quarter. In the afternoons I usually painted from the model—such a crowded studio—at the Académie Grande Chaumière, and on some days, at half-past four, I would go to Colarossi's, drop fifty centimes into the box, and participate in the twenty-five minutes' sketch from life. After five minutes' rest the pose was changed, and we went at our drawings again breathlessly.

By the end of the month I had enough material for the Paris studio chapters of *The Education of an Artist*, so off I went to Italy, entering by Genoa.

Now and then, in these post-war days, I ascend to the lumber-room of our house, and untie the parcel labelled, " My Cornwall and Paris Paintings and Drawings." I look at them as a parent looks at the face of a loved child, and if nobody is within earshot, I am apt to say to myself, " Really, they're not so bad. If you had begun young, perhaps you might have become a second-rate painter."

CHAPTER XIX

THE ENJOYMENT OF WRITING ART BOOKS

YOU perceive that I employ the word enjoyment, not profit, in the title of this chapter, because although the writer of an art book receives a royalty on the copies sold, and sometimes a sum in advance "on account of royalties," the adventure is not vastly profitable. For one member of the public who asks for an art book over the counter, there are one hundred, or one thousand who ask for a novel. To the majority of readers the ways of men and women are more interesting than the productions of Fine Art, and the great public certainly prefers Adventures among Amorists and Highwaymen to Adventures among Pictures and Marbles.

Novelists are favoured all round. It costs much less to write Fiction than to write Art Books. For works of art are scattered over the world, necessitating travelling, hotel bills, and photographs. More than once have I returned from a foreign tour with a trunk full of photographs, nothing in my purse,

and the disquieting knowledge that I had already spent more on travelling, hotels, and photographs than I would receive "on account of royalties." But the enjoyment of collecting art material in foreign cities is immense, so I have allowed myself to call this chapter "The Enjoyment of Writing Art Books," not "The Profit of Writing Art Books."

What a series of delightful aventures those were that resulted in my book called *Days with Velasquez* —travel with a purpose, which is the happy way of travelling: a purpose gives zest to wanderings. This book was written towards the end of last century, when the younger painters were discussing "values" and practising them; when the pupils of Carolus Duran, master of Sargent, carried the tradition and practices of Velasquez and his disciple, Manet, to their "home-towns"; and many of them packed in their bags the remarkable book on Velasquez by R. A. M. Stevenson, cousin of R. L. Stevenson—"Bob," as he was called—who, having failed as a painter, turned to his true vocation —writing. Maybe it was the vicissitudes of Bob Stevenson's life that suggested to me *The Education of an Artist*, maybe not: for there was not the slightest resemblance between his career and that of my sentimental hero, Claude Williamson Shaw. Of *The Education of an Artist*, more anon.

Well, Velasquez was the hero of the hour, and I, being caught up in the enthusiasm, determined to write a book about him, which is the way to acquaint oneself with a subject. And I determined to do it on rather novel lines. I would visit the cities of Europe where important works by Velasquez hang, and devote a chapter to each city. More delightful travelling, more alarming figures on the wrong side of the ledger. I went, among other cities, to Paris, where, with Regnault and Manet as leaders, the rush of modern painters to the feet of Velasquez began ; to Berlin, where I could make up my mind whether the superb " Allesandro del Borro " is by Velasquez or Another ; to Rome, where, in the Doria-Pamfili Palace, I stood mute and wondering before " Pope Innocent X.," saying to myself, " If this is not the greatest portrait in the world, which is ? " ; to Vienna, where linger fragrantly the children of Philip IV., like fadeless flowers ; and then to Madrid—there, and only there can Velasquez be seen in all his glory. A stupendous sight.

Days with Velasquez was written—and reviewed. One bitter night I made up my accounts—how much the book cost me, and how much I received for it. The difference between the figures was appalling : yet my publishers were generous, but I

went by the *de luxe* train from Paris to Madrid, and I stayed three weeks in Spain, and brought back enough photographs to stock a shop and—and . . . Ah, those days with Velasquez were very enjoyable, and I have written half a hundred articles about him since. My accountant tells me that I should regard the expenses incurred as capital, upon which I may draw at leisure.

For art writers Turner is a better-paying proposition than Velasquez, as most of his pictures are in London, and one can do one's travelling in a cab, or even in a 'bus. A little book I wrote on "Turner" in the "Masterpieces in Colour" series achieved a kind of "best-seller" rank, but that may have been due to the pictures in colour and the pretty *format*. The name of Turner has magical power. I do not want to boast, but *Turner's Golden Visions*, which I wrote, a handsome book, an ideal book for the drawing-room table, went out of print, but that may have been due to the fifty illustrations in colour and the title. The book was really written the moment I came across the famous and generous statement that John Constable made when writing of the 1828 Royal Academy Exhibition—"Turner has some golden visions, glorious and beautiful. They are only visions, but still they are art, and one could live and

die with such pictures." This was the first and last book I dictated direct to an operator on the typewriter. I ceased this "write a book easily" method, because I found, in revising the typescript, that I changed seven words in every ten. The facts were all right; the embroidery needed much recutting and refurbishing.

The wise art writer, of course, gives his book a preliminary run in the form of articles or essays in newspapers and journals. Then, at any rate, he obtains a journalistic wage. Most of my first art book, *Adventures Among Pictures*, appeared weekly in the pages of *The Academy*, and as I was editor, I could say just what I liked, and at any length, which was pleasant. The introduction begins, "This is a Book of Appreciations." So the right note was struck. I am interested in praise, not in blame. If I am not interested in a thing, I ignore it—unless the man has made me mad. There was a cunning dedication, "To G. F. H., Companion in Painting." That showed my world of readers (not a large one) that I, like Turner and Constable, had put paint upon canvas. The choice of a title was difficult. How could I connect these rambling essays in appreciation? It was E. V. Lucas, I think, when I told him of my difficulty, who quoted Anatole France. The great Anatole had said, "The good

critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." "Ah," I cried, "there's my title—*Adventures Among Pictures*." One of the chapters, strange to say, kindled Francis Thompson into a flame of praise—that called "Alois Aggera, Artist." After reflection he added, with a twinkle, "The only question in my mind, my dear Hind, is, 'Did it all happen?'" I smiled, because nothing of "Alois Aggera, Artist," happened. It was all imagined, except the scenery.

The Education of an Artist, my second art book, mentioned in the last chapter, should have been called *The Education of an Amateur*, or *A Dilettante*. I said so in a companion volume, published five years afterwards, called *The Consolations of a Critic*. Yet, I don't know. Claude Williamson Shaw, my hero, was an artist. Did he not write *The Inner Memory*?

The thesis of *The Education of an Artist* was the awakening of a young, impressionable man to the knowledge that he was a writer and not a painter. I have hinted that Bob Stevenson gave me the idea; but it really came from a cursory study of myself —my eager self made interesting and adventurous. I had been trying to paint in Cornwall, and one day, having caught the *plein air* infection, I set up my easel in a remote corner of St. Ives beach and

tried to convey the wonderful look of yellow sand, blue sea, and pools of water, any lovely colour you like, left by the receding waves. I was enjoying the job immensely.

The sun was dipping. I was flushed with ecstasy, when three little local children in pinafores approached and carefully examined my handiwork. Soon the eldest one said aloud, in an emphatic voice, "I don't like that picture."

When I narrated this adventure at the St. Ives Art Club that evening, one of the men said, "You should write that. Your account is much more amusing than your painting."

In that moment the art adventures of Claude Williamson Shaw came to birth. I determined that after his experiences in London and Cornwall I would take him to Paris, make him study awhile in the semi-official studios which eminent French painters visit and criticise, and then send him off on the Grand Tour of Picture Europe, seeing and making notes upon every painting of importance. This he did, or rather I did it—three months of enjoyment. I returned with a trunk of photographs and note books, and then proceeded to set down upon paper the art education of Claude Williamson Shaw, illustrated by masterpieces of painting and sculpture.

When the book was nearly finished, another slice

of literary luck came my way. Henry Norman (now Sir Henry) was then editing *The World's Work*, and one evening at the Devonshire Club, being in communicative mood, I explained to him the scope of the book. He mused, lit another cigarette, meditatively watched the smoke ascend, and said, " It's educative "—blessed word. Before we parted that night he had engaged *The Education of an Artist* as a serial for *The World's Work*—a run of nearly a year.

I went to bed proud and happy. "An art book as a serial," I murmured, " paid for month by month as if it were really interesting. Why, it's a triumph."

A week after the publication of *The Education of an Artist* in book form I had a bad moment. Robert Ross, who loved a joke, had written a most satisfactory and—er—amusing—review in *The Outlook*. He suggested that my hero, Claude Williamson Shaw, was an amalgam of Claude Phillips, Dr. Williamson, and George Bernard Shaw, and he allowed himself to wonder if those eminent people would enjoy this fictional publicity. The result of Robert Ross's article was that I had an urgent message from Messrs. A. and C. Black, the publishers of the book, saying that they had just had a violent telephone message from one of the trio—I will not say which—demanding the immediate suppression of the book, and the recall of all copies.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL

From a lost portrait by Whistler of which this is the only record

"What shall we do?" asked my publishers. I suggested that the libelled gentleman should be asked to buy the book and read it. This he did: he withdrew his anger, and asked me to tea.

Art and I, a later book, had no pictures. I wanted people to read what I had written, not to look at pictures by other people. But the world loves pictures. Before me, as I write, is a reproduction of Whistler's lost portrait of Lady Colin Campbell—that beautiful and accomplished lady. How it recalls her stately quietness. But her eyes danced!

Finally, there was *Landscape Painting: From Giotto to the Present Day*, in two volumes—a colossal task of love and lamentations, nineteen years, off and on, in the making; and a collection of photographs and hotel bills that——

I drop the curtain.

CHAPTER XX

GETTING MARRIED IN NEW YORK: AND MEETING AMERICAN NOTABILITIES

I LIKED that Dedication, which came easily because I meant it. It appeared in the front of a little white book, called *Things Seen in America*, which I printed for Private Circulation. It ran—

"Dedicated, in Love and Gratitude, to my American Wife, of Kent, England, and Georgia, America, who is a Fierce Partisan of America when she is in England, and a Fierce Partisan of England when she is in America."

I printed this small book for Private Circulation because, although I had lived in the United States, off and on, for five years, I of course knew the vast country only in bits, and what I knew was hardly worth an expensive volume. The late Frank Norris told us that, "There are just three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities'—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco."

I have no personal knowledge of New Orleans or San Francisco, but I have a story about New York. I was married there, and I found it extraordinarily difficult, because I wished to be married in my own way, not in the American way. Everybody was very kind, but I longed for a little ivy-grown church, and a benevolent clergyman, and friends waiting outside with rice and confetti, such as you see in the picture-papers. New York would have nothing to do with that. Perhaps it couldn't.

It was the year 1907. We sailed from Rotterdam in the sound, but slow, *Potsdam*, and David Jaynes Hill, the historian, American Ambassador to the Netherlands, being the most distinguished traveller, sat on the right-hand of the captain at dinner. One of the courses, on the second night out, was codfish, and the captain, who was, of course, a Dutchman, looking at me, and wanting to be pleasant, said, "Cod! Cod! Is not dat de name of a Holy Man in your country?"

The Ambassador to the Netherlands encouraged me to take the deck chair adjoining his. We had some interesting talk about books, especially history. For hours every day he would read Motley's *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*. One morning, when we were five days out, I noted with some surprise that he was no longer reading Motley. He

was deep in German history. When we reached New York I learned that half-way across the Atlantic he had been offered by wireless the post of Ambassador to Germany.

Wireless was then a new wonder to most people. I remember an evening of perfect calm, a bluebell-daffodil sky, and the sun slipping into a glassy sea. I climbed to the topmost deck to see the world at peace with a beauty of colour and tone hardly believable. Suddenly my ears were assailed by a series of continuous, sharp explosions. They proceeded from the wireless cabin. I looked in; there was the operator, his ears encased in the 'phones, or whatever they are called. He was scribbling on a sheet of paper. Presently he handed it to me. It was from the s.s. *Minnehaha*, some two hundred miles distant. The message ran: "Just emerged from a hurricane. Two boats lost."

So many have written about the approach to New York that I will spare the reader. All I will say is that if it be a day of golden mist, when the sky-scrapers seem floating on the water, there can be no more wonderful or beautiful sight in the world. Then the landing—noise and confusion. A reporter clutched me, twigged a romance in a twinkling, discovered that we had been introduced to each other by Whistler, and the next morning when I read the

interview in *The New York Herald* I buried my face in the pillow. "Compose yourself," I murmured, "you are in America!"

Yes, I was in America. Still somewhat perturbed, I went to the bathroom (each bedroom has a bath). No sooner was I immersed than the telephone bell rang. Dripping, I ran to the instrument and said, "Hello! Hello!" The call was from a distinguished friend of Belinda's, the lady I was about to marry. This competent New York hostess had read the interview in *The New York Herald*, and she wanted us to be married in her drawing-room that day or the next. "I'll give a large luncheon party," she said, "and invite all our friends." "But I want to be married in a church," I replied meekly. "Oh, why not be married here in my house? It will be simpler and nicer. I'll call up Mr.——," mentioning the name of her favourite clergyman.

"I'm very sorry," I repeated, "but I want to be married in a church." She rang off.

"Who shall it be?" asked Belinda at luncheon. "Who shall marry us?"

Suddenly I remembered the Rev. Robert Laird Collier, once a blacksmith, who became a famous Unitarian minister. Him I knew as a boy when he preached in the Unitarian Chapel that my father and mother attended in London. The sentiment of

it caught me; it was a link between past and present. We made inquiries, and found that he was then the pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York.

Belinda behaved like an angel. She found the Rev. Collier's address in the telephone book; he lived far away in the direction of Yonkers, on 190th Street, or something like that. We reached his apartment by subway; we were shown into the small parlour, and there, standing on the hearthrug, was the venerable ex-blacksmith, who had become a great idealistic orator.

"I want you to marry us, please," said I, and recalled my father and mother to him.

"Certainly," he replied, smiling the genial Collier smile, "I'll marry you here on this carpet as soon as you like."

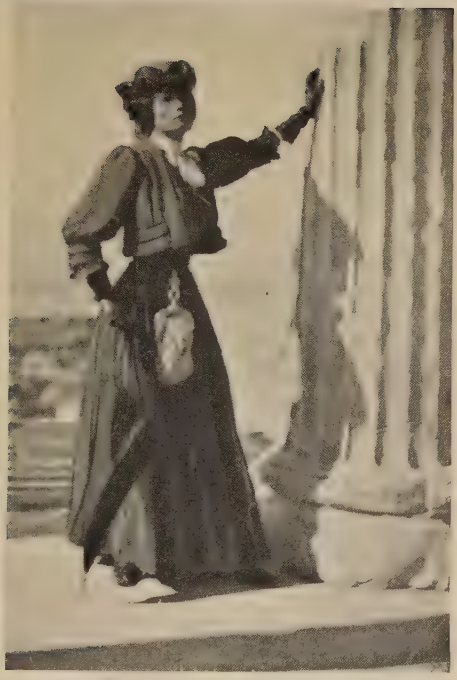
"But," I murmured, "I want to be married in a church."

"Oh, no," he cried, "consider the expense of opening the church. Don't think of it."

"I want to be married in a church," I repeated, "and as to the expense, it doesn't often happen."

He was a kind-hearted man, and noticing my chagrin, he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll marry you in the vestry—that's a good compromise."

So in the vestry of the Church of the Messiah we were married. And we had the wedding breakfast



IN GREECE

IN KENT

MRS. LEWIS HIND (BELINDA)

or luncheon at the house of the distinguished and forgiving lady who had called me on the telephone when I was in my bath.

My first literary adventure in America was meeting W. D. Howells at the house of a member of the distinguished firm of architects, McKim, Mead, and White, the parents of the architecture adapted to modern needs that has made America famous, and that has spread to London—Selfridge's building and, later, the Wolseley show room in Piccadilly—an embracive sweep from clamorous modern needs to the glory that was Greece. W. D. Howells was one of the sweetest and gentlest men that I have met. He spoke in a low voice, an interior smile was always flickering over his face, and sitting there in the firelight, bowed, benign, offering a benison as it were to the world that was passing from him, he seemed to me to stand for the old New England that I have loved.

So does Emily Dickinson with her—

I never saw a moor,
  I never saw the sea,
Yet now I know how the heather looks,
  And what a wave must be.
I never spoke with God,
  Nor visited in Heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot,
  As if the chart were given.

And the New American, the insurgent, nimble-witted, unsentimental writers—perhaps the real, racial America—who are surging up from the west! What keener protagonist is there than Sinclair Lewis, author of *Main Street*. Oddly enough, I met him first a few days before I sailed after my last visit to the States. He was lecturing in New York—a tall, straight, blond youth, with a photographic eye, an alert, nervous, confident manner, and a Gatling-gun utterance. I went behind after the lecture to congratulate him, and to forecast a warm welcome for him in England. He smiled his quick smile, then broke into his unmirthful laugh, and grasping my hand said, "You Englishmen always seem to turn up."

Fixed in my memory are these two types of Americans—W. D. Howells, the last of the New England school, on which I was brought up, and Sinclair Lewis, a pioneer of the New America, with no affiliations with England, only a quick, photographic, marvellous faculty for reproducing the American small town, and the men and women who fight for money, fun, and a standardised culture. Yet Sinclair Lewis loves England. Who knows what his quick brains and alert perceptions may yet produce?

Somewhere between W. D. Howells and Sinclair

Lewis was Miss Amy Lowell, poet and creative critic, one of the New England Lowell clan, who shortly before her death became better known in Old England by her lengthy and remarkable *Life of Keats* in two volumes. I had read many of her poems, also her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, with great admiration, and I had heard what a vital person she was, and one of the best talkers in New England. Then I met her—dramatically.

I had been invited to a literary supper at the house of a New York hostess who collects lions, lionesses, and cubs. The seat next to mine was vacant. When the supper had progressed pleasantly for half an hour, the door was thrown open, and in marched rather a large, formidable woman with an assured smile and no apology for being late. She took the seat next mine, and at once usurped the conversation, readily and animatedly. I listened with delight, and wondered who she might be. I began to put questions to her, mainly about poetry, which she answered slightly, with half her intelligence. After a rebuff rather more pointed I said suddenly, "I believe you are Miss Amy Lowell." She flashed her handsome eyes upon me and said, "Who the hell did you think I was?"

When we retired to the withdrawing-room, she gathered herself upon a couch like Madame

Recamier, took a cigar from her reticule, lighted it with ease, and talked vigorously and delightfully for the rest of the evening.

Yes, a remarkable woman—frank and forcible.

That evening I asked her why she had not been present at the James Russell Lowell centenary celebrations. She replied, "Because I'm the only member of the Lowell family worth a damn."

She was a good, but not a great poet. Her best book is *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*.

There was some silly talk to the effect that the English reviews of the *Life of Keats* helped to kill her. Amy Lowell was of sterner stuff; but her *Life of Keats* should have been half the length.

CHAPTER XXI

WRITING FOR AMERICAN PAPERS : HOUSES AND BOOKS : W. T. STEAD AND FREDERICK DIXON

AFTER our prolonged honeymoon in America we returned home *via* Naples, for I was then meditating the *History of Landscape Painting : From Giotto to the Present Day*, and it was necessary to seek landscapes, major and minor, in European Galleries ; so we dawdled up Italy, and had a great moment in Siena, when we discovered " The Flight into Egypt," *circa* 1450, by Giovanni di Paolo—Sunny Jim we called him, because, instead of making the sky gold in this picture, which was the early Sienese custom, he made it blue, and used the gold to gild the slopes of the hills upon which the sun blazed. Then on to Munich, Dresden, and Berlin (ah, those were the happy days before the war), and in the Berlin Gallery Dr. Bode took the " Leonardo Bust " in his arms and gave it also to us to nurse, and he tried to convince us that, beyond doubt, it was by Leonardo, and we smiled, and like the Tar Baby, " kep' on sayin' nuffin."

Paris followed, and so to Holland, where my wife had a house facing the dunes by the North Sea, and upon that first evening when we walked in the dunes we found enough plovers' eggs, and gathered enough wild asparagus to furnish the evening meal.

I had not been idle during that first visit to America. I wrote a book on Augustus Saint-Gaudens, that fresh flower of classicism, the greatest sculptor America has produced, father a Frenchman, mother a Dublin girl; and in visiting his widow at Cornish New Hampshire, I had my first experience of crossing a frozen river in a sleigh. I wrote about that cold adventure, too, for by this time I had become the wise kind of writer, who writes about things that happen to him. And I did a series of papers for *The New York Evening Post* on "Hustle Land. By an Englishman"—the editor's title, not mine; and intermittently I sent over Travel Articles for *The Daily Chronicle*; and in New York I passed the proofs of *The Diary of a Looker-On*, which was published in 1908. If this seems over-industrious for even a prolonged honeymoon, I can only plead that when one has acquired the habit of writing one goes on writing always and everywhere. It is an excitement and an income.

Returning to London in the autumn of 1907, the

problem of a home faced us. We did not want the ordinary house, because my wife had determined to put her passion for Decoration to practical purposes, and we required a home with handsome rooms wherein she could show her fabrics, furniture, and pictures; and, following the plan of Mrs. Carlyle, a study for me at the top. After a long search we found two adjoining houses—uncared-for, almost derelict—in North Street, Westminster, then just beginning to assume the mantle of gentility. The London County Council was our landlord; the rent of each house was £80 per annum; the lease was for one year. My wife proceeded to transform these derelict twin houses into one unique and beautiful dwelling; the cost of the alterations exceeded £1,500, but we had just the house we wanted for our purposes.

A near neighbour, at the corner of North Street and Smith Square, was W. T. Stead, gentle and reflective compared to the Stead of the passionate, pioneer *Pall Mall Gazette* days. We visited him, we had talks in the street. He was obsessed at that time by his "spiritualistic" inquiries, but occasionally a gleam of the old fire seized him—the extraordinary news intuition that enabled him to dig two lines from a morning paper, to know that they were salient, and, with the help of reporters and

his own vivid pen, to make them a feature of *The Pall Mall Gazette* extending to columns, discussed and combated all over London. It was a great end for this great journalist to go down dramatically on the *Titanic*.

In North Street I wrote *Turner's Golden Visions*, which contained many superb colour illustrations, and which went out of print. It was the first and last book I dictated, as I have already explained, to a young woman seated at her typewriter in my study. Henry James, you may remember, concealed the operator behind a screen so that he should not be disturbed by her femininity. I was not so churlish, but sometimes I lost the thread of my slow eloquence through sheer admiration for the speed with which the operator rattled down the sentences with hardly a mistake.

The North Street yearly lease and that £1,500 locked up, if not gone, gave a note of anxiety to our tenure: then Huntly Gordon appeared and asked us to sell the twin houses that had become one. We played with the idea; he was persistent; we sold without loss, and moved to Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, an older and more spacious house. On the day that the furniture was removed W. T. Stead lingered for a long time in the roadway—and watched and smiled. Strange to say that is my

Photo. Elliott and Fry

W. T. STEAD

most vivid memory of Stead—standing there watching our uprooting.

The house in Henrietta Street was very satisfactory, but it is direly memorable to me as the scene of a three-years' illness, during which I had neither the desire, nor, indeed, the power, to write anything but what was absolutely necessary.

Then came the war. I wrote *The Soldier Boy*, and later *The Invisible Guide*. Only the other day I had a thrill concerning the almost-forgotten *Invisible Guide*. A man, an eminent author, came to me and said—well, he said extraordinarily nice things about that book, written under the emotional excitements of the war (I couldn't do it now), and he added, "I should be very proud to have written the chapters, 'Why Should I be Good?' and 'Why Should I Paint Landscapes?'" So I read them again. The advantage of writing is that you never know when and where what you have written may bob up.

In the third year of the war I was sent to America, to lecture for and to raise money for "The Imperial Association for Assisting Disabled Officers." But I had to live, and I found a pleasant and profitable way of living in writing four articles a week for that remarkable daily paper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, which is recognised as one of the best

journals in America. It belongs to no party, it has no axe to grind, it ignores crime and violence, and it publishes articles on art and literature of a length and range that few papers have the space or desire to present to their readers.

I began to write for *The Christian Science Monitor* in the North Street days, when my friend, Frederick Dixon, that remarkable man, was London editor. When I went to America for the second time he had been promoted to the post of editor-in-chief at Boston. I called upon him soon after my arrival; then began, and it lasted for years, my four articles a week for *The Monitor*—a Bookman's Memories, an Art article, a Literary Letter, and a Leader on some subject related to art. I signed Q. R., and when I was asked what those initials signified, I replied gravely—Quintilian Rockefeller, and after that Dixon usually addressed me in letters as " Dear Quintilian." Q. R. had a simple origin. *The Monitor* has always been fond of initial signatures. Few people knew that the weekly article signed H. W. M. was H. W. Massingham. But when I started to write four articles a week it was not the custom to sign with one's own initials. Frederick Dixon consulted his note book, found that the letters up to P had been allocated, so Q. R. fell to my pen.

Four books by me appeared serially in the ample,

kindly columns of *The Christian Science Monitor*. In book form they were published simultaneously in England and America. The longest was *Landscape Painting: from Giotto to the Present Day*. With the exception of the first twelve chapters, which appeared in *The Art Journal* in 1909, almost all of this lengthy work was published in *The Monitor*. As I say in the Introduction, I should never have had the heart or the will to complete it had it not been for the hospitality of this admirable journal, which has space for the joys of life because it ignores the horrors.

The wise writer, as I have already said, who has acquired the habit of producing books, naturally plans to issue them first in a daily or weekly journal; so writing can be made profitable. My plan has been, so far as a hard world would permit, to sign the contract for the book first, then to write it, then to distribute the contents among agreeable editors, or to one if he were willing.

When the time came to publish the Art and the Bookman's Memories series, I decided upon the titles *Art and I* and *Authors and I* simply because—well, they explain what the books are, merely my reaction to the subjects of my choice. When more of the Bookman's Memories were called for, I called the second book *More Authors and I*.

On the dispute between the Directors and Trustees of the Christian Science Publishing Company reaching a crisis, which resulted in an interminable and costly lawsuit, I, having the faculty for loyalty, followed Frederick Dixon, and when his side lost, and he resigned, and later started *The International Interpreter* from offices in New York, I joined the staff of that journal and supplied it with my standardised four articles a week.

My friend, Frederick Dixon, passed on suddenly. Not long after his death *The International Interpreter* came to an end. It could not do without him; and I, after an interval, began to contribute to the American *Outlook*, which had acquired the copyright of *The Interpreter*. For the literary journalist, as for the political journalist, there is no abiding city unless he is the proprietor.

In 1912 we returned home to a house in Holland Park Road, Kensington, next door to our old friend, J. J. Shannon, R.A., from whom we rented the house. It was May, the weather was adorable; the blossom and the spring flowers were out; it was England.

Ah, that first evening after our exile—the look and the savour of it. There had been great cricket that day at Lord's, a church bell was ringing, the birds were settling to rest. As I walked up the

garden path a glee class in Leighton House was singing, "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free."

I turned when I reached the door and whispered, my heart full:

> There were some rooks sailed overhead,
> And once a church-bell pealed,
> "God! but it's England," someone said. . . .

CHAPTER XXI

MORE ABOUT AMERICA: STATESMEN AND POETS: AND WAR-TIME SONGS

ALLOW me, in memory, to go back some years and to ask myself a question:

If I had accepted Joseph Pulitzer's invitation, should I have become an American industrial magnate, or a stern-faced, shaven, newspaper plutocrat of the caveman type, with a chain of journals from Maine to California? Perhaps not.

I repeat it in a line by itself:

"Perhaps not."

I tell the story—which happened years before the war, and before my first visit to America—because it shows on what a thread our futures may hang. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the usual considerable company of Americans and English was gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. John Morgan Richards, where their daughter, Mrs. Craigie, also lived.

The company distributed itself into groups, and I, for some reason or another, began talking of

Warren Hastings. I am not learned about that Governor-General of India or about his trial, but I had been writing an article on the great man that morning, inspired by the portrait of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery —his firm, compact head and air of decision. Perhaps you know, if a writer be fond of talking, he talks, in season and out of season, of what is uppermost in his mind.

My monologue was long, because there were two or three pretty American girls in our group who listened adorably; and yet, in spite of their bright eyes, I was acutely conscious of a tall, lonely-looking man in the next group, who sat rigid, with fixed gaze, listening intently to what I was saying.

When our group broke up Mrs. Craigie said to me, "Mr. Pulitzer would like to speak to you." Then I saw that he was blind. He said, "Will you drive with me in the park to-morrow at three?" And he gave me the address of one of the houses on Campden Hill, with a large garden, which he had hired for the season. I said, "With pleasure." We shook hands, and he was led away.

Presently I said to Mrs. Craigie, "Who is Mr. Pulitzer, and why does he want me to drive with him?"

She replied with a laugh, " He's the great Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of *The New York World*, and I suppose he wants to try you out as a secretary. He collects literary secretaries. They read to him and tell him interesting things. He seems to have been impressed by the way you talked about Warren Hastings. But think twice before you accept his offer. You won't like the post."

For two days, starting at three, we drove solemnly around Hyde Park, several times, in a victoria. He spoke little, but encouraged me to talk. On the second day he said, " How should you like to go to America ? " to which I answered, " Oh, I should have to think about that." He gave me another opening later, but I did not respond, because, on each occasion, when we returned from the drive to Campden Hill, he told the servant to conduct me to the conservatory, where I found four gay young secretaries, two of them about to retire from the Pulitzer service, and from what they told me I do not think that I should have enjoyed the appointment. Since then I must have met a dozen Englishmen who had been, or who were, candidates for the post of secretary to Joseph Pulitzer.

Years passed. I was in America. It was war time. I crossed the ocean during the submarine menace, and was nearly reported to the captain for

switching on the light to read in bed after midnight. On the first day of my arrival in New York I paused before an Armoury to listen to the recruits singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The day before I left London I had been at a festival given by ladies, many of them with titles, to wounded Tommies in the Albert Hall. The Tommies sang, with a cigarette stuck behind either ear and one in the mouth, "We want to be good, but the girls won't let us." No, I do not draw any moral about the choice of the two nations between hymn and song.

Another song! Shall I ever forget it? I heard it in a Connecticut village, by a grass-plot upon which was a sign-post, and inscribed upon it were the words, "Forty-two miles to New York." I looked, and said to myself, "Add 3,000 miles, and in a little island in the grey North Sea is—home." Then from the Armoury proceeded the procession, a thousand strong, winding and winding till it disappeared in the trees—new soldiers, old soldiers, known as the United States War Veterans, boy and girl scouts, and an army of Red Cross women and those who were doing war work, all in uniform; and as they marched they sang the song—delicious doggerel—that affected me just as "Tipperary" had done. They sang:

Over there, over there,
Send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming,
The drums tum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word to beware,
We'll be over, we're coming over,
And we won't come back till it's over,
Over there.

And I have a memory of President Woodrow Wilson under two aspects. On the first occasion his audience cheered wildly, madly; on the second occasion most were silent.

The first occasion was when he was making a war speech at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; and he quietly dropped in these words: "I have heard gentlemen say that we must get five million men ready. Why limit it to five million?"

The second occasion was when he returned from the Peace Conference. He drove along crowded Fifth Avenue in a motor-car; he stood up waving his silk hat above his head, and most of the onlookers, packed ranks of them, were strangely silent.

And I have a memory of the voice of an ex-President—Theodore Roosevelt. It was between the first false Armistice Day and the real Armistice Day—somebody had blundered. I was at a country house, and over the tea-cups I said, "There's only

one way—to march into Berlin, and sit there till the indemnity is paid."

"Do you mind saying that to Roosevelt?" asked my host.

I, nervously, "It would hardly do. I'm an Englishman, and besides——"

"Nonsense!" cried my host. "He's at Oyster Bay. I'll call him up."

In a minute I was at the telephone repeating my unsolicited opinion that we should march into Berlin and sit there until the indemnity was paid.

"Bully for you!" cried the quick, kindly voice of Theodore Roosevelt.

Among my other memories of America, two spectacles are vivid; each took place in a church in New York. The incumbents believe in attracting people by other means than by prayer and praise. The service does not exclude prayer and praise, but it is the Feature—often poetry—that crowds these churches.

I saw an advertisement that at a certain church on Fifth Avenue, near Washington Square, after an abbreviated service, "America's greatest poet," Nicholas Vachel Lindsay of Springfield, Illinois, would recite some of his poems. Of course, Mr. Lindsay is not America's greatest poet, but he is a vital singer, a people's poet, more a missionary

than a minstrel, who travels afoot long distances, reciting for his bread, and preaching the Gospel of Beauty; a fine fellow, a jazz fellow at times. He is as earnest as the late Coventry Patmore, but not in the least like him as man or poet.

Certainly Mr. Lindsay is a draw. I arrived at the church five minutes before the abbreviated service. There was not a seat; there was not even standing room; and by the time the poetical entertainment began the audience or congregation had overflowed from the body of the church, and was pressing against the altar-rails.

I have never heard any poet shout so loudly: I have never seen any poet become so hot. The perspiration ran down Mr. Lindsay's face, especially when he recited his—er—poem called "The Congo."

> Then I saw the Congo, creeping through the Black,
> Cutting through the jungle with a golden track.
> And the grey sky opened like a new-rent veil,
> And showed the apostles with their coats of mail.
> In bright white steel they were seated round,
> And their fire-eyes watched where the Congo wound.
> And the twelve apostles, from their thrones on high,
> Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly cry:
> "Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;
> Never again will he hoo-doo-you.
> Never again will he hoo-doo-you."

A foot-note announced that the last three lines

should be sung to the tune of "Hark, Ten Thousand Harps and Voices."

The audience was enthralled. I was very interested, but I did not feel devotional.

Neither did I feel devotional at another church where the attraction was, instead of a sermon, a recital of "Marpessa," by Stephen Phillips. The reason I did not feel devotional was because the incumbent had introduced theatrical effects of lighting. While we were on our knees the edifice was suddenly thrown into darkness. There were cries of "Oh!" and "Ah!" I looked up into the darkness to find a text displayed around the chancel in quivering, luminous letters.

On the subject of churches, I was standing one day on the eminence where the New York Cathedral is being built—magnificence piled upon magnificence, mainly in the European tradition. An American who was standing near me said, "That doesn't represent us. Our real cathedral is the Woolworth Building—the best our generation can do with hand and brain—entirely ourselves."

Friends ask me sometimes how we were able to stay so long in America. "Why, the rents and hotel charges are appalling," they say.

Well, I have the good fortune to be married to a wife who is a decorator and designer of beautiful

interiors, and who also has the power to visualise how a shell of a building can be converted into a delightful dwelling-place. Early during our sojourn in New York I called at the Anderson Galleries in Park Avenue, the Christie's of America, and found that my old friend Mitchell Kennerley was President of the company. I told him of our hotel experiences and he said in his quick way, " There's a big, unused loft at the top of this building. If your wife cares to make it habitable, you can have it at a moderate rental."

She made it into a delightful town apartment.

As to summer quarters—our old friend Karl Anderson, the painter, has a big barn on his estate in Connecticut.

My wife surveyed it, made proposals, Karl Anderson acquiesced, and in a few months we had an odd, delightful country home.

We were quite happy—there and in New York.

CHAPTER XXIII

PRODUCING A PLAY IN NEW YORK

DURING my second visit to America, I produced a play in conjunction with Lyall Swete. The idea of it was inspired by the times—the stirring times.

The Freedom of the World was still in the balance; America was putting forth her utmost effort, and individuals, having renounced their private ambitions, were working for the common cause. Writing a play in those days seemed as remote as lassoing the Kaiser, yet on October 26, 1918, a play called *Freedom*, by C. Lewis Hind and E. Lyall Swete, was produced at enormous cost at the Century Theatre, New York. And I wrote a Handbook to the play, called *What's Freedom?* which was sold in the theatre. In a way it was all War Work.

When the curtain fell on the first night I thought that everybody's fortune was made—including my own. One eminent actor said to me, "I'd pawn my shirt to take *Freedom* to London." Another,

one of those calculators whose temperature is always normal, muttered, " My dear boy, never call a play a theatrical success until you've got the money in the bank."

Looking back upon those feverish weeks, for the rehearsals were as exciting to me as the performances, I find that I am now chiefly interested in how it all came about, and in the steps that led to the production of this play at the " millionaires' theatre." I could not have planned those steps; they just marched on.

It happened somewhat in this way. Going to and fro in the land, and talking with many of the untravelled people of Anglo-Saxon stock whose parents had been born in America and who called themselves 100 per cent. Americans, I was often struck by the easy way they accepted their Freedom. It was a commonplace like the morning's milk. Of course, the legion of travelled, cultured Americans know history as well, or as ill, as we do, but many of the untravelled seem to think that it began with George Washington.

So to arm myself for verbal encounters with my untravelled friends, and to explain to them how their forefathers for centuries had fought and died for Freedom, I began to spend my evenings with history books, memorising salient episodes in the struggle for

"WHAT'S FREEDOM" BY C. LEWIS HIND

A COMMENTARY ON THE PLAY "FREEDOM"
BY E. LYALL SWETE & C. LEWIS HIND

COVER DESIGN FOR 'WHAT'S FREEDOM'

Showing the River of Anglo-Saxon Freedom dividing into two streams in 1776, and uniting again in 1917

Anglo-Saxon Freedom, such as King Alfred, who dreamed of Oxford; the Assize of Clarendon, which was the beginning of Trial by Jury; Magna Charta; the Model Parliament of 1295; the Peasants' Revolt of 1381; the Discovery of the New World by Columbus; the Habeas Corpus Act of 1679; and so on.

I was mildly enjoying myself, somewhat chagrined to find how much school-lore I had forgotten, and planning a lecture or two on "How We Got Our Freedom," when one morning suddenly my studies and reflections assumed a dramatic form. I was dressing—an excellent time for ideas—dipping, intermittently, between sartorial operations, into Green's *Short History of the English People*, and Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People*, when, without effort, I found myself picturing two American children—a town boy and a boy from a remote State—lying wakeful in their cots side by side, talking about the war. And the town boy said, exultingly, "My daddy died for Freedom!" To which the country boy replied, "What's Freedom?"

Later the idea developed. When the country boy cries "What's Freedom?" a radiant figure, eternally young, eternally beautiful, appears, saying "I am Freedom." Then she takes the little boys by the hands, and leads them down the ages,

showing to them and explaining the long struggle of Englishmen for Freedom.

So you see how the vague idea of a series of chronological events in the Anglo-Saxon struggle for Freedom—its ups and downs, it failures and triumphs —suddenly assumed unity, through that Figure of Freedom, eternally young, eternally beautiful, knowing everything, comprehending everything, explaining everything. Against a background of the splendours and disasters, the triumphs and the follies of history, the little boys ask questions ; Freedom answers them.

Now at that time, people were talking about and planning Pageants, and with the advent of the two little boys with their shrill " My daddy died for Freedom " and " What's Freedom ? " I at once saw my series of Freedom episodes as a Pageant ; and the place of its performance would be, of course, Madison Square Garden, a vast arena like Olympia, admirably adapted for Pageants. I explained my scheme to a Patriotic Publicity Society, officered by Englishmen, with head-quarters in New York. This society thought well of the idea, promised to do their best to stage the Freedom Pageant in Madison Square Garden, and we agreed that fifty per cent. of the profit (we were sanguine) should be given to the Imperial Association for Assisting Disabled Officers,

which I represented in America ; indeed, I had been sent across the sea in that good cause.

It looked promising, and knowing that when once my Pursuit of Freedom had passed from my literary hands into those of the Pageant-makers I should have no more control over it, I spent some weeks in preparing and printing a Pageant of Freedom pamphlet of thirty-six pages, which set forth all the episodes with stage directions from the First Gathering of Freemen around the Moot Hill, A.D. 500, to the entry of the United States of America into the War in 1917.

Then—ah, then—there came a pause. It was found that the cost of producing the Pageant would be enormous, and although experts prophesied that it might show a handsome profit, the Men of Substance to whom the scheme was submitted were not eager to handle their cheque-books. One of them said to me, " Your Pageant deals only with Anglo-Saxon Freedom. How about the other nations ? " I suspect that this wise Man of Substance put his finger on a weakness in my Pageant, but I was not equal to tackling World Freedom. I remain an Englishman. . . . Then suddenly everything changed, and my lingering Pageant sprang into a Play. It happened like most interesting things, suddenly and dramatically.

With other guests, I was supping with Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham at their house in New York. He, the English actor, has a great reputation in America ; she, who was Julie Opp, a rare woman, universally beloved and admired, has, alas, gone from us. At the supper table I began talking vigorously and at length about my Freedom Pageant, and the adventures of the two little boys through history, and while I talked I was conscious that a massive, clean-shaven, actor-looking man on the other side of the table was deeply interested in my eloquence. I knew his face, but could not place him ; soon I learned that he was Edward Lyall Swete, better known as " Teddie Swete," actor, and producer of *The Blue Bird*, *Chu Chin Chow*, and other spectacular entertainments. When I had finished my discourse, he exclaimed weightily, " It isn't a pageant ; it's a play."

Sensation ! I was struck dumb with pleasure and amazement.

Later (his manner was impressive, although he did ask me to call him " Teddie "), having drawn me into a corner, he said, " If you will do me the honour of being my collaborator in *Freedom*, we will make a play that will stir the country. We'll open in New York in October, take it to Washington, and then tour the United States, Canada, and the

English-speaking countries. . . . If you will do me the honour of being my collaborator [actors are like that], I suggest that we meet daily, and work out the play together . . . Why, the cinema rights alone will be worth a fortune."

I agreed to everything. The ball of fame and fortune seemed to be at our feet. Even if I had been disposed to doubt, which is not my nature, dear Mrs. Faversham's enthusiasm would have convinced me. "It's a wonderful idea," she cried; "it's the best kind of patriotism. Leave it to me to get the money. There are rich Americans who are all for the union of the English-speaking peoples, and who will see in this play a great vehicle of propaganda."

Mrs. Faversham, with the help of my wife, did all she promised to do. They collected from great-hearted Americans over 75,000 dollars, usually in units of 5,000 dollars each. Some of the money was received by cable from Paris, where a generous American donor happened to be temporarily staying. Into the pile my wife and I threw our savings, and when *Freedom* was produced, upon my word, I did not think that the statement on the programme was very much exaggerated—"Most Remarkable Spectacular Play in the History of the World's Stage. A Stupendous Historical Drama in

Twenty-five Scenes, showing One Thousand Characters."

When *Freedom* rushed into Theatre Land, I stood aside. I was so astonished and pleased it should get there that I was content to leave the play in the capable hands of Edward Lyall Swete and Mrs. Faversham. She gathered in the money lavishly; he spent it lavishly, for he had made up his mind to make it the "Most Remarkable Spectacular Play in the History of the World's Stage."

He produced *Freedom*; he sent over a special envoy to London to persuade Norman O'Neill to write the incidental music (it was beautiful); he engaged Marcia Van Dresser for the part of Freedom (she was wonderful); he played several of the parts himself including Becket, King John, and Wat Tyler, and he wrote the script. Day by day, during the weeks of preparation, when I called upon him with notes and bits of dialogue for the scene in hand, I found that he had already written it and was ready to read it to me. He would give me a cigarette, wave me to a chair, and recite to me the scene completed. I was like an acquiescent vine in the hands of a masterful gardener.

Freedom ran a fortnight. By that time our 75,000 dollars was gone. On Saturday, November 9, 1918, at the fall of the curtain, I was asked to go

on the stage and explain to the company that we were at the end of our resources. They offered to continue on half salaries. I nearly wept.

Yet on the last afternoon we had a packed house. A well-known American bought up all the available seats and distributed them among the teachers and pupils of a New York college. The National Security League was so impressed by the educative quality of *Freedom* that they offered to advertise it throughout the land. Mrs. Atherton wrote a long, pleading letter to *The New York Times*, headed "Anglo-American Unity: An Attempt to Substitute History for One-Sided Tradition"; but the plain fact was that New York did not besiege the box-office. New York had other things to think about. During the run of *Freedom* it was announced that the Kaiser was in flight. Then came the Armistice. *Freedom* was swallowed up in Victory.

On "Britain's Day," December 7, 1918, *Freedom* was revived for one night with great success, and between the acts a well-known American theatrical manager said to me, "Keep it going for six months, put a lot of girls in short skirts into it, and your play will be worth a million dollars."

I thanked him, and resumed my proper avocation —writing little essays about art and love.

CHAPTER XXIV

SIR HUGH LANE AND HIS GENIUS FOR PICTURE COLLECTING

ART and Love! A love of Art was the mainspring of Sir Hugh Lane's life.

From about 1900 to his death in 1915—he went down in the *Lusitania*, aged thirty-nine—he dominated the picture-buying world, startled it by his daring, and confused it by his generosity. He would make a shrewd and costly purchase, and give away the picture the next day. Half of him was Don Quixote. This amateur, who began life as a humble assistant to Martin Colnaghi of Pall Mall, could have been a millionaire had he not been also a Don Quixote. He thought in thousands, won them, and spent them. He himself said once in my hearing, "It would be a poor year when I couldn't make £10,000"; yet he would lunch off a bun and a glass of milk. He could not resist buying beautiful things, but he could resist spending money on food, drink, and comfort. One day when a group of us had been spending the afternoon enjoying his treasures at Lindsey House, Chelsea

Embankment, he took us out to dine at the "Good Intent," and told us that if we had a savoury, we could not have a sweet. Laughing he said it, but he was serious. He would spend thousands on a picture, and then go home by 'bus, frightened at the expense of a cab. A strange man, very lovable, ceaselessly active, often irritating! He was knighted in 1909 for his services to art.

The explanation of Hugh Lane is that he was a genius. His genius consisted in a wonderful and I think unerring instinct for a work of art. It might be smeared with repainting, it might be obscured by the dust, dirt, and varnish of ages; his eyes would pierce through the accretions. He had no book knowledge. Never did I see him reading. He went straight to the work, and never doubted his first impression. His courage was dauntless. Nervous, excitable, usually unwell, he did not know the meaning of timidity. He won such a reputation as a connoisseur, that when at Christie's the word went round, "Lane's bidding," up went the bids. Everybody knew that it must be a good thing.

Let me give an example of the way he found prizes and made fortunes. One afternoon, about 1910, I strolled into Fisher and Robinson's. The auction-room was crowded. I looked around, and saw Lane, very pale, his face twitching, a sure sign of his excite-

ment, seated on a couch in the corner. He made room for me, and I noted that he was bidding rather recklessly for unimportant pictures that I was sure he did not want. "Putting them off," he whispered. He loved the game as well as the prize.

Presently a dim, dirty picture was hoisted upon the easel, a half length of a man in armour with a sash swung from shoulder to waist. The bidding went slowly up to twenty guineas, Lane taking part; then it took a leap, more leaps. There was a rival connoisseur bidding.

"For heaven's sake find out who it is," said Lane to me. "Quick!"

I strolled away, returned, and whispered, "Buttery!"

Lane gave a gesture of despair and buried his face in his hands. He enjoyed dramatising his emotions, but he went on bidding, and in the end the dim, dirty old picture was knocked down to him for 250 guineas, or thereabouts.

He jumped to his feet, his eyes dancing with delight. The sale was over for him! "Come!" he said. "We'll have some fun."

We went behind the screen. He dug out his dim, dirty picture: he borrowed pincers: he left the frame on the floor—his quick eyes had told him that it was valueless. He tucked the picture under

his arm, and darted rather than walked, I following, to the Royal Society's Club in St. James's Street, and there in the lavatory he first washed the picture with soap; then he went over it with a silk handkerchief, patting and petting it; then he caressed it with his long fingers, as if he were enticing its beauties to the surface.

This being done, he held it up to the light. "Well?" he said.

"Looks like a Van Dyck," I answered.

"Of course it is," he replied; "a Genoese Van Dyck—a little masterpiece."

He was always doing this kind of thing. It was second nature to him. Often when we were motoring—he loved to take my wife and me into the country—he would suddenly stop the car. He had seen something in an antique dealer's window. It was usually a "find." He bought anything beautiful—jewels, carvings, china. And he would talk humorously but tremblingly of his interviews with his banker. One day he would be rich, the next day poor.

"I'm broke," he said to me one afternoon at Christie's, "but I can't stay away." Just then the auctioneer asked for bids for a vast (90¾ inches by 131¾) and very interesting picture, "The Family of Sir Thomas More." "I *must* buy it," he whispered to me; "I'm living in Sir Thomas More's quarter."

He bought it for 950 guineas. "I've got no place to put it," he said. This fine picture is now in the collection of Lord Lee of Fareham.

A Frans Hals was the foundation of his fortunes. When a youth under twenty, and penniless, he recognised a Frans Hals in an unimportant country sale. He was persuaded to join the "Knock Out," not knowing what a K.O. was, and in the end received a cheque for several hundreds. "That sum," says Lady Gregory in her *Hugh Lane's Life and Achievement*, "was turned within a year into £10,000."

Had this Irishman of genius wished, he could have retired before thirty with a fortune. But, as I have said, he was half Don Quixote. The passion of his life was that child of his—the Dublin Municipal Gallery. By gifts, and by persuading painters to give, he made it one of the finest collections of modern pictures in the world. Among the other great schemes he originated and carried through, with the help of Mr. Michaelis and Lady Phillips, were the Cape Town and Johannesburg Galleries; and the National Gallery of Ireland is what it is mainly through his efforts and bequests. Dublin treated him badly during his lifetime; so did London. After his death—that is the way of the world—London and Dublin wanted his French pictures. At present they are hanging in the Tate

Gallery, with an inquiry pending. Poor Lane! He was pursued by good fortune—and ill fortune. But whoever eventually gets the pictures—London or Dublin—there they are, a monument to his rare tastes and great generosity.

He bought the pictures of living artists ; he never dealt in them. He sold old pictures to buy modern ones. Many living artists have reason to bless the name of Hugh Lane.

We met often during the latter years of his life. We squabbled and made it up, for he was difficult at times. Often he would drive up to our house with Tinko, his pet Pekingese, on his lap, and after luncheon there would be some house with pictures to visit, or some ruin that he wanted to buy. Often we went to a certain Tudor relic near Lewes. "I *must* have it," he would say, again and again. And at Easter and Whitsuntide we would go away together, and in the evening he would become as excited over winning or losing a shilling or less at bridge as he would be at Monte Carlo over winning or losing a thousand pounds or more.

Then came the war. He saw all it meant, and he shrank appalled from the wreck it would make of beauty.

As we were motoring one day in the autumn of 1914, the year in which he was appointed Director

of the National Gallery of Ireland, we passed our friend, Gerald Chowne (he was killed later), on sentry-duty by some waterworks. Lane stood up in the car and waved to him ; then he threw himself back on the seat and cried, " Oh God, that I could go to sleep and not wake until it's all over."

Our last trip together was to Worthing for the Easter holidays. He was cross with us in his curious, playful-indignant way, because we did not go to church with him on Good Friday. " Everybody ought to pay attention to these festivals," he said.

From Worthing he went to Dublin—his last visit ; then he hurried back to London—he was never still ; and we spent the evening with him. On the next day he was to sail for America. He came to the gate of Lindsey House and waved farewell. That was the last we saw of our friend.

The tragedy is that, as it turned out, there was no need for him to go to America. He went for the sake of the fee of £1,000 that he was to receive for an expert opinion upon the damage done by fire to certain pictures.

His economical mind—economical in small matters—fastened on this £1,000 as something that made it worth while crossing the Atlantic in submarine time, for he was in the midst of one of his recurring financial depressions or panics. There

was really no cause for anxiety. On the eve of his departure—no, on the very morning—a friend sold by cable to Mr. Frick of New York certain of Hugh Lane's pictures that relieved him of financial anxiety, and made that £1,000 a mere detail.

Had the sale by cable taken place a day or two earlier, Lane would not have gone to America. On such a chance his precious life hung.

Here is proof of how his fortunes had changed through that cable to Mr. Frick. I was at Christie's during the Red Cross Sale, when bids were asked for blank canvases upon which eminent artists would paint a portrait. When Sargent's blank canvas was placed upon the rostrum, the auctioneer announced that he had received a cable from Sir Hugh Lane offering £10,000. President Wilson was the sitter chosen.

I shall never forget the night after the *Lusitania* went down—the nights and days at the Cunard offices in Cockspur Street. There the relatives and friends of the passengers gathered—hoping against hope. At intervals—sometimes an hour, sometimes hours—the Cunard directors would emerge from a door in the inner office, and the secretary would read the names of survivors just received. There would be cries of joy, then blankness, and another long vigil. We waited. Hugh Lane's name did not come through.

Sargent painted a beautiful portrait of Hugh

Lane, showing his alertness and sensibility, the delicacy of his face, and his luminous eyes. It was presented to him in recognition of his efforts to establish a Gallery of Modern Art for Ireland.

He appears also in that remarkable and delightful "Homage to Manet," painted by Sir William Orpen, now at Manchester.

Orpen and Lane were old friends. They lived together when I first knew them, and "Homage to Manet" was painted in Orpen's studio soon after Lane had bought—I think for £10,000—Manet's portrait of Eva Gonzales. Grouped around the breakfast table in "Homage to Manet" are George Moore, Wilson Steer, D. S. MacColl, Walter Sickert, Henry Tonks, and Hugh Lane—old friends, old days.

It is years since the *Lusitania* went down, and years since we attended the memorial service to Hugh Lane in Chelsea Old Church. That day I wrote an article for *The Daily Chronicle* called "Hail and Farewell," It began :

"The seas have been searched, the shores and the little coves. He has vanished, but our love for him remains. May it be granted that his body rests at peace in some quiet bed of the waters that wash the wild coast of the Ireland he loved."

To be supreme in any calling is genius. Hugh Lane was supreme in the art of discerning art.

Photo, T. Longworth Green

HOMAGE TO MANET

From the picture by Sir William Orpen R.A. in the possession of the Manchester Art Gallery, by permission

George Moore — *P. Wilson Steer* — *D. S. MacColl, Walter Sickert, Sir Hugh Lane, Henry Tonks*

CHAPTER XXV

JOHN SINGER SARGENT: AND THE POST-IMPRESSIONIST EXCITEMENT IN LONDON

JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A., the greatest painter of his day, and one of the shyest of men, to whom the saying, "*Montre ton œuvre, cache ta vie*," exactly applies, was reading Voltaire when he died. We are told that the book was open at the chapter, "Les Lois Criminelles."

That recalled to me an evening in the early 'Nineties, when I first met him. It was a large dinner party, and distinguished people were present. Opposite to me were Sargent and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and I was amused at the efforts made by the lady to entertain the lion, and incidentally to entertain herself. Sargent was morose and disinclined to talk; it was a good dinner. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was delightful, with touches of malicious coquetry in what she said. I remember one fragment of dialogue. She put her hands together in the form of a supplication and cried, "Oh, Mr. Sargent, *do* paint my portrait." He

replied quickly, looking straight into her bewitching eyes, "I cannot paint beautiful women," and resumed his interest in his plate.

Mrs. Meynell was also present at the dinner. Earlier in the week, in her "Wares of Autolycus" article in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, she had criticised Mrs. Patrick Campbell's performance of Juliet. I was complimentary, but she had protested against the slowness of Mrs. Campbell's delivery, and she had said that, if there were a donkey race for Juliets, this Juliet would win the last place easily.

When the men ascended to the drawing-room I had a bad moment. Mrs. Patrick Campbell approached me, recalled the donkey episode, and said—her eyes dancing—"I want to know Mrs. Alice Meynell. Please introduce me." I did so, and hovered around, a trifle anxious. All went well. Mrs. Campbell took a footstool, placed it at Mrs. Meynell's feet, and said, "It was you, was it not, who compared me to a donkey?"

"Oh, no, no," replied Mrs. Meynell in her deepest voice, lingering with emphasis on the words. "I merely suggested that your extreme slowness of utterance, which—er—many admire, might be likened to the pace of a——." Mrs. Campbell seized her hands; soon they were in intimate conversation about the art of acting, and I, glancing

Photo. Bassano

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

around the room in search of other quarry, observed Mr. Sargent pacing up and down the floor like a lion in a cage. He had adopted that perambulatory method, I presumed, in order to deter anybody from talking to him.

I was young and daring in those days, and, of course, eager to have some converse with the great Sargent. He looked formidable—tall, burly, sullen —and his quick, roving eyes seemed to be saying, "I want to be alone. Respect my mood." But I knew, then, and it was to be confirmed again and again in future years, that he had the kindest of hearts, and could be delightful in the company of intimates; but he was not a clubable man, and among strangers he crept into his emphatic shell.

Boldly I approached him, for, after all, one may speak to a fellow guest. I walked a step or two by his side and tried to engage him in conversation. He answered brusquely and in monosyllables. Soon he thawed a little; he began to utter six words at a time. Joyful at this victory, I realised that it would be politic to retire and seek somebody more voluble and less of a genius. On the point of departure I remembered suddenly that he was interested in criminology. Now, that very afternoon, or evening, I had been reading the report of the trial of—I forget his name—for murder, a horrible murder.

He was a baker, and he had thrust his victim into the oven with the bread. The judge was a humane man, and avoided looking at the murderer in the dock when he assumed the black cap; but as he pronounced the last words of the sentence he stole a glance at the prisoner. The man was fast asleep! I told Sargent this briefly. He listened intently, and when I had finished he dropped into a chair, motioned me to a seat by his side, and said, "Asleep? Extraordinary! Give me some more details." We had quite a long talk about callousness, etc.

I had almost forgotten this episode. It came back when I heard that he was reading on his last night "Les Lois Criminelles" in Voltaire.

There was an occasion when I did not dare to speak to Sargent. That was the afternoon when I followed him—discreetly—round the Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, in the winter of 1910–11. Although Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh were his seniors—Cézanne by more than a quarter of a century—it was not until some years after their death that these three pioneer artists became popular painters.

Sargent was the great master of an older tradition; he was able, through his marvellous dexterity, to give new life to that tradition, and to add substance to the surface glitter of Impressionism.

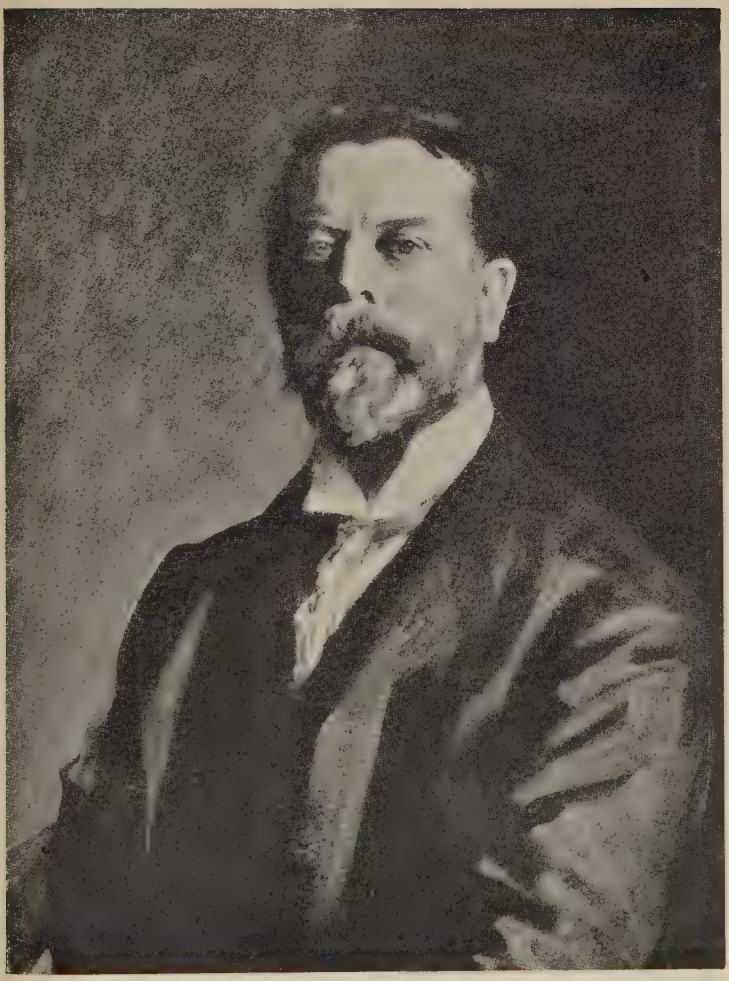


Photo. Anderson, Rome

JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

From the self-portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence

But it was plain to me that he was no lover of Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Picasso, and Matisse. He went frowning through the exhibition, and then stalked out. Later he put upon record, one of his few incursions into literature, his opinion of the Post-Impressionists. It was in the form of a letter to *The Nation*, which I have preserved. The letter was written because, through some misunderstanding, Sargent had been acclaimed as favourable to the Post-Impressionists. In the letter he stated that he had declined the invitation of the organisers of the exhibition to allow his name to be placed on the list of promoters, because he did not see how the name Post-Impressionist could apply to Manet and Cézanne ; and he added about the pictures, " The fact is that I am absolutely sceptical as to their having any claim whatever to being works of art, with the exception of some of the pictures by Gauguin, that strike me as admirable in colour, and in colour only."

Sargent lived to see pictures by Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh hanging in the National Gallery of British Art, and to know that in these days, unless one has a millionaire's purse, it is impossible to buy a good example of the pioneers of Post-Impressionism.

Those who cannot look back fifteen years to the

Post-Impressionist Exhibition can hardly imagine the excitement it caused. The galleries were besieged each day ; visitors quarrelled openly about the pictures, and continued their arguments outside in Grafton Street. Art suddenly became a vital matter. The Post-Impressionist painters were discussed as hotly as the members of a Cup-Tie football team or the composition of an All-England cricket eleven. Letters for and against streamed through the newspapers, and every Lecture society had a Post-Impressionist evening. I must have taken part in half a hundred debates, public and private, and I wrote numerous articles. Almost every editor wanted an exposition of Post-Impressionism. I collected my essays into a book, *The Post Impressionists* : Methuen and Co. It has long been out of print, and when I wanted a copy not long ago I had to pay double the published price for a soiled second-hand copy. Here is the opening sentence, " Post-Impressionism has been called the heart of painting ; it has also been described as an insult to the intelligence. To some it is a re-birth of vision and feeling, to others the foul fruit of a horrid egotism. In a word, it is a novelty—to England." To me the collection of Post-Impressionist pictures at the Grafton Galleries was stimulating and exciting.

Sir Charles Holmes published a small book upon the Exhibition called *Notes on the Post-Impressionist Painters*. He found Cézanne "certainly an artist, but no less certainly a clumsy one"; he found the wall of Gauguins "the most complete piece of connected colour in the exhibition," and he regarded Van Gogh as "the most considerable figure of the movement."

As to Matisse! In a letter to the American *Nation*, Mr. Bernard Berenson described him as a magnificent draughtsman and a great designer. But it is only fair to say, after quoting these admirers, that to some Matisse was, and is, a horror. Once, in Paris, I took the late Sir James Shannon, R.A., and the late W. R. Colton, R.A., to see the immense collection of works by Matisse in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Michel Stein, in the Rue Madame. Shannon and Colton were appalled; they muttered angrily, and at the earliest moment—fled.

What has been the effect of Post-Impressionism on modern art? Its influence has been subtle towards freedom—even sometimes in academic circles. But I have little patience with the horde of followers and imitators throughout Europe and America. Some show sparks of originality, but the majority have got the letter but never the spirit.

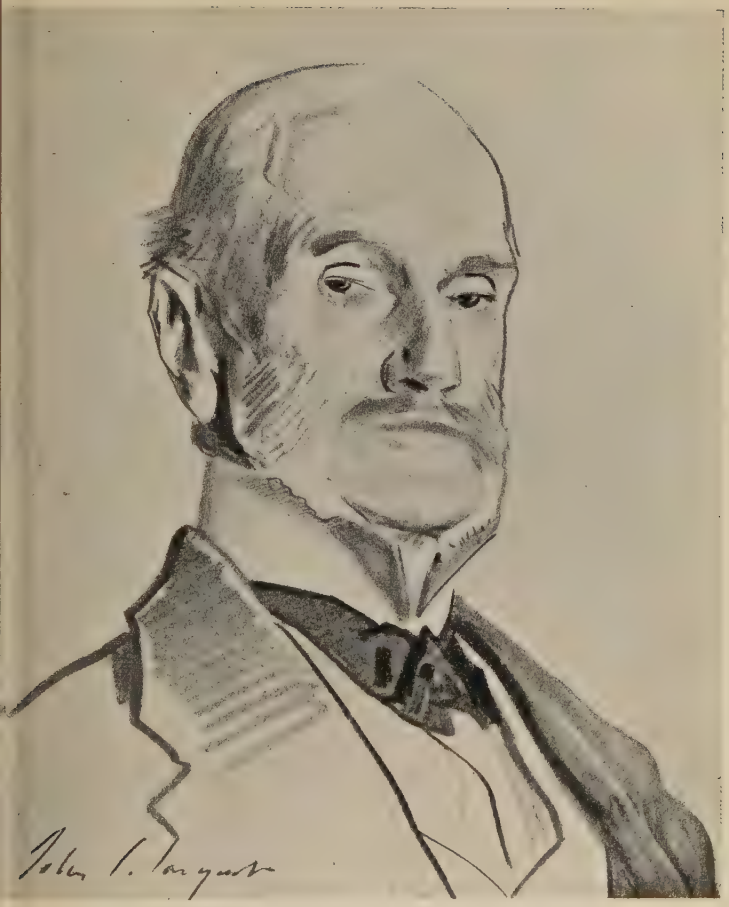
Another of Sargent's incursions into literature

was his Note to the Goupil Gallery Catalogue of the first Brabazon Exhibition, December, 1892. It was a felicitous Note, " Each sketch is a new delight of harmony," wrote Sargent, " and the harmonies are innumerable and unexpected, taken from nature, or rather imposed by her." . . . A French artist on seeing some of these drawings, resumed in a word another secret of their charm and of their power : " *C'est la fin d'une vie.*"

I quote the full text of Sargent's Note, with other Appreciations, in my *Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, 1821–1906 : His Art and Life.*

The end of a Life. Brabazon was a country gentleman—his estate Oaklands, Sussex—with two passions, painting and music. Through most of his days he worked as an amateur, giving away his water-colours. At the age of seventy-one, chiefly through the persuasion of Sargent, he consented to hold an exhibition. In a stride, at a bound, he became the first water-colour painter of the day.

Sargent and Brabazon had been drawn together through music. One day Sargent was lunching with Brabazon in Morpeth Terrace, his town flat. Sargent, so a friend tells me, seemed to be " off his appetite." His eyes roamed the walls, which were hung with water-colours. At length he asked, " Who did them ? " They were by his host. Then



HERCULES BRABAZON BRABAZON

From the drawing by John S. Sargent R.A.

began, against Brabazon's will, his fame. *C'est la fin d'une vie.*

The service in Westminster Abbey, on April 24, 1925, " In memory of John Singer Sargent, R.A.," was beautiful and impressive. To me the intimate moment was when the choir sang Bridge's setting to Tennyson's " Crossing the Bar " :

> Twilight and evening bell,
> And after that the dark ;
> And may there be no sadness of farewell
> When I embark.

There was no sadness of farewell for those who loved this great artist. He went suddenly, as we all wish to go ; he went suddenly, at the height of his powers.

CHAPTER XXVI

LOOKING BACK: LITERARY JOURNALISM IN THE VICTORIAN AGE

CHANGES in literary journalism are so gradual, and we adapt ourselves to them so readily, that—well, if you want a shock, and grief or joy, according to your temperament, place side by side a London newspaper of the 'Eighties and one of to-day.

I was brought up in a Liberal—mildly verging to Radical—Nonconformist household, so our paper was *The Daily News*, supplemented occasionally by *The Spectator*, where the articles by Richard Hutton were regarded almost as lay sermons. My father and mother would discuss the Hutton articles, but I was too young to appreciate Hutton's noble efforts to reconcile irreconcilables. Like so many others, he was, I suppose, a Freethinker, still loving the chains that he had cast off.

Those Victorian days, as I have said earlier, were eager, strenuous, and formal—church (Unitarian) twice each Sunday, and never a "week-end." Prosperous gentlemen of our congregation would

say their initial private prayer, standing, into their silk hats. I loved to watch them; their hats were so shiny, their clothes so good; their scent so masculine; and their heads so well groomed.

One of my early glimpses of the great world was a paper my father read at the Social Institute attached to our church on "Our Indian Empire." Oh, my pride and astonishment when a member of the audience rose and suggested that it should be published.

Forty years or so later—so the mind works—I recalled my father's "Our Indian Empire" paper, and the spectacle of the prosperous gentlemen of the congregation whispering two seconds' prayer into their silk hats.

It was at a large London luncheon party, the day of the Armistice Two Minutes' Silence, and the chief guest was a resplendent Indian Maharaja. The conversation lagged a little, and our hostess whispered to me, "Do say something to His Highness!"

On the principle that one may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, I cleared my throat and said, "Is your Highness in favour of the British vacating India?"

He smiled, raised a jewelled finger, and still smiling subtly, replied "Not yet."

Emboldened, I addressed another question to

him. I said, "What did you think of our Two Minutes' Silence?"

He threw out his hands, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Why only two minutes?"

Frank Hill, a retiring man, was editor of *The Daily News* in the 'Eighties, but *The Daily News* for me, and for the literary friends of my youth, was Andrew Lang. He never signed an article, I think, but who could mistake an Andrew Lang literary leader? His humour was never manufactured: it bubbled out. He did not embroider an essay; his fun peeped through it. Whatever he touched he enlivened, but I liked him best on such subjects as "Scotch Rivers," "Shaving," "Street Noises," "Show Sunday," "Cricket." I take these titles from "Lost Leaders" (1889), which my friend, Pett Ridge, compiled, and in which I took a hand, for love of the humour of "Dear Andrew with the brindled hair." Insensibly we all tried to write like Andrew Lang, but he had a background of enormous and various learning. He wrote with the greatest ease, and he was a champion pluralist. I forget whether he told me, or whether I read it, that he wrote over a score of reviews of his friend Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, and more of *She*.

Andrew Lang was always at work, and yet he seemed to be always at play. That was a true

Photo. Hollyer

ANDREW LANG

From the portrait by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

thing he said of himself, "I have a gay mind, but a melancholy soul."

Years later I persuaded him (he did not need much persuasion to write anything, anywhere) to work for *The Academy*; but the gay Lang of *The Daily News* had gone. It lingered in his letters. I have a batch of them. He wrote a terrible hand.

In one of his missives he offers to translate for *The Academy*, "for love," a story by Anatole France, which he describes as "one of the best stories in the world"; but unfortunately his calligraphy quite concealed the title of the story.

Another star leader writer on *The Daily News* was Richard Whiteing, who later made a great success with *No. 5, John Street*. And there was Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent! How he startled us, and how I, as a youth, decided that I would renounce the dream of becoming a leader writer in an Inverness cape, and be a War Correspondent on a horse.

The newspapers of the 'Eighties may have been stodgy, but they were never snappy. Men wrote columns, and their columns were read. After an important theatrical production, I, in common with thousands of others, bought *The Daily Telegraph* to read Clement Scott. His views counted, and influenced the box office.

The Morning Standard was treated with great

respect, but I do not think a great many people read it. There was a degree of stolidity which even the Victorians found dull. *The Globe* was the fashionable afternoon paper. Its pink hue went well, on the evening journey home, with the tan gloves of the day. Most of us added to our small incomes by writing "Turnovers," with an occasional half-crown for a joke in the "By the Way" column.

Then there was *The St. James's Gazette*, with Sidney Low, the editor, giving Barrie and others London encouragement; but it was Frederic Greenwood, I think, who first printed Barrie in *The St. James's Gazette*. And *The Star*, with T. P. O'Connor and Massingham as editor and assistant-editor; and "The Star Man" beginning to make journalism snappily intimate; and Bernard Shaw, A. B. Walkley, and Clement Shorter writing weekly articles that everybody had to read. For the "Interview," then a novelty, and grades of emotional sensationalism, there was W. T. Stead in *The Pall Mall Gazette*; but solid and stolid Victorian journalism died slowly, and it did not really succumb until Newnes, Harmsworth, and Pearson turned their vivid attention to it.

The Speaker, with "Q" telling his first stories, flourished as a lively and highly respectable intellectual novelty; but the journals that made the

Photo. Walter Benington

'JULIUS CAESAR' HELPING 'MR. KWISTOFER' TO WRITE AN 'ARKIKLE'

town laugh with witticisms, often malicious, always amusing, were *The World*, directed by Edmund Yates, and *Truth*, directed by Henry Labouchere. "Edmund" and "Henry" tilted in brief letters at one another in their prosperous journals, to which Whistler and Oscar Wilde contributed personalities which, at any rate, delighted us. These witty letters have all been recorded by the "Butterfly," but I must print one of them, because it was my lucky lot to see the beginning of the fun.

One afternoon I was passing a wholesale furrier's in the City when, to my astonishment and delight, Oscar Wilde, who was then at the height of his vogue, and about to take his first journey to America, emerged from the wholesale furrier's and stepped gaily into his waiting hansom. He wore a "befrogged and wonderfully befurred green overcoat," and a Polish cap. Next week the following letter, signed J. A. McN. Whistler, appeared in *The World:*

"Oscar—How dare you! What means the disguise? Restore those things to Nathan's, and never again let me find you masquerading the streets of my Chelsea in the combined costumes of Kossuth and Mr. Mantalini."

Such things do not happen now. Perhaps we are more serious—or better mannered.

Off and on I wrote for some of the papers men-

tioned above; and for a time I was "Quill" of *The Illustrated London News*. When J. F. Nisbet, that sturdy writer and thinker, who wrote "Our Handbook" for *The Referee*, died, and before Arnold White (Vanoc) put his best work into it, I wrote a few Handbooks, rather anxiously, for the Handbook was a lay sermon, and had a knowing public.

Hamilton Fyfe, who was then connected with *The Evening News*, introduced me to Evans, and to the redoubtable Kennedy Jones. For years I wrote a weekly art article for *The Evening News*, and in train and 'bus I used to watch readers always turning to the racing news first.

But my chief friend among newspapers has been *The Daily Chronicle*. I began to write for it as long ago as January, 1906, under the title of "The Looker-On," when Robert Donald was editor, and I have continued to write for it from that day till this; and for a long time I was art critic.

At least four books have resulted from my articles in *The Daily Chronicle*. Much of *Days in Cornwall* first appeared in its hospitable pages. What an advantage it is to caper through a newspaper before the articles appear in book form. Correcting and amplifying is a joy. The hard work is all done, the end is reached. But I have found in these latter years that one no longer embroiders: the inclination is to simplify, to delete.

SIDE VIEW

FRONT, WITH 'JULIUS CAESAR'

ISLAND FARM

The Diary of a Looker-On appeared wholly in *The Daily Chronicle* ; so did much of *The Invisible Guide* and *The Soldier Boy*. One gets used to writing for a paper, and happily its readers get used to a writer.

When I returned from America I was asked to resume my weekly article, and the editor-in-chief, Ernest A. Perris, and the literary editor, William Maas, agreed to let me have the general title of " Life and I," and to let the article appear always on a Wednesday. The " Life and I " series began on Wednesday, January 18, 1922, the idea being that I should treat anything romantic or interesting that had happened to me during the week.

Soon a very interesting thing happened. By chance —but what is chance?—a child, aged three, with blue eyes and curly hair the colour of ripe corn, became a member of our household. This child soon began to dominate the "Life and I" articles. He made troops of friends. I have received over two thousand letters addressed to him, or addressed to me about him. I wonder what the postmen think when they see letters and parcels addressed to Julius Cæsar. That was the name I gave to him—a simple reason : he conquers—but by love. So when the first series of articles was published the book was called *Life and I : the Era of Julius Cæsar, aged 3–4*. Nothing that I have ever written has had such a response from readers as the

simple and veracious chronicle, week by week, of the dawning intelligence, as yet unspoilt by the world, of this child. He has been taken to the hearts of such numbers of readers that I have included them in the second series about Julius Cæsar, now, alas, nearing seven, and have called the book, *Life and You*.

I sometimes wonder whether it is not better to make writing an interlude, a hobby, as Kenneth Grahame did, when, as Secretary of the Bank of England, he wrote those charming memories of childhood —*The Golden Age*. But each must go his own way. I began as a writer. I shall end as a writer.

Everything takes on an added interest when one has to, or wants to, write about it.

We acquired a farm in Kent; we acquired a little car, and every time I drive down there or back I find something to write about. And, true to form, I have just signed an agreement for a book to be called *Days in Kent*.

When we moved from Kensington to Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, I at once began to write of the view from the front windows which face Queen Anne's Statue—that pathetic lady: and the view from the back windows which face St. James's Park—the loveliest park in England.

So the world goes on—and writers go on writing Why not?

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THE STATUE, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE

CHAPTER XXVII

A FEW LAST WORDS

RECENTLY I was somewhat shocked to find myself referred to in a rather important journal as a "prolific writer of books." Am I? Well, my excuses must be that some others are more prolific; and that one must go on writing —there is nothing else to do. The toil is a joy, renewed each morning.

I can, at any rate, be frank and print in the "Preliminary Matter" at the beginning of each new volume a list of books "By the same Author." I have just counted them. They number twenty-seven.

There are others on the way. One especially interests me. The record of it falls naturally into this, my last chapter. It came unsought. Not long ago I received a letter from Messrs. Wm. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd., which began:

"We are putting out a series of small books running to about 192 pages. We wondered if a

proposal to make a representative selection of your articles and essays to form one of the volumes in the series would interest you ? "

It did. So the game goes on : so a writer may see flashes from his books, through so many years, concentrated into a steadier gleam.

Joubert tells us that each year of our life should bring its appropriate lamp. The wise writer accepts the changing lamp, and realises that the illumination is different. He may still be gaily interested in the pageant of life ; but more and more his lamp shines inwardly not outwardly : more and more, as the days pass, I see myself dreaming of another book to follow *Life and I*, and *Art and I*. The title might be *God and I*.

It would be a strange book : it would consist of cover, title, and author's name only. The pages would be blank, because, in regard to communications with the Unseen—" sensible men never tell." They cannot. To tell is to spoil.

There is significance in the ancient explanation of the little furrow in the middle of the upper lip of a baby. An angel, we are told, pressed her finger there and said, " Don't tell ! "

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